McKean County Miner.

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C. E. NELLIS BADLY INJURED SATURDAY.

Right Eye Put Out by Flying Sliver of Iron.

SLIGHT HOPE OF REGAINING SIGHT.

He Was Working on No. 8 Well of Surprise Oil Company—Was Taken to Bradford and Attended by Dr. Fredericks.

C. E. Nellis, a tool dresser working on the No. 8 well of the Surprise Oil Company on their lease on the Poor Farm, met with a very painful and serious accident last Saturday afternoon which will probably result in the loss of the sight of his right eye.

Mr. Nellis was assisting in removing a cable from the auger-stem and was driving it out of the sinup with a piece of iron and a sledge hammer when a small sliver flew off the iron and struck him in the right eye. The sliver went deep into the ball of the eye and at first it was thought that the eye had run out on the derrick.

His brother, James, who is an owner of the lease, took him to Bradford that evening and the injured member was examined by Dr. Fredericks, who says there is a possible chance of his regaining some sight in that eye but he can never hope to make it as good as before.

The injured man has returned to Smethport and late reports are to the effect that he is getting along as well as possible, the pain having subsided to some extent, which at first was almost unbearable.

School Announcements.

Children who will become six years old before July 1, 1910, will be allowed to enter school on Monday, Feb. 7, 1910. At that time a beginning class will be organized so that the children will have the same opportunity for advancement as those who entered last fall. Children who intend to begin then should be vaccinated at once so that any inconvenience therefrom will be over by the time they enter school. Parents will confer a favor if they will notify the principal of those who desire to enter the beginning class.

The children of any newcomers in the borough should also enter school on Monday, Feb. 7. In the case of any between the ages of 8 and 16 attendance will be enforced by the Truant officer. The report cards for the 4th school month will not be given out until the beginning of the second term, i. e., Feb. 7, 1910. The following suggestions for parents is quoted from the 1908 catalogue:

"We cordially invite each and every parent to visit the schools as often as convenient. A visit from a parent stimulates the work of the school and especially helps the child. Come and see what we are doing. Then you can more nearly form a proper estimate of our work. Do not censure the school for what you do not understand or about which you know nothing. If you have a grievance of any nature consult the Principal and thus many misunderstandings may be avoided.

"We request the co-operation of all parents in our efforts to make good citizens of the boys and girls of our community. Much of the success of the schools depends upon the attitude and interest of the parents. If you manifest little interest the children will follow your example. Water will not rise above its own level. Neither will the schools be better than the patrons wish them to be.

"Much also depends upon the parents whether their pupils progress or not. Parents should always insist that their children attend school punctually and regularly. Especially should the parent follow carefully the work of the child by examining the monthly report card. This card should be signed and returned promptly to the teacher. Such signature does not mean approval of the work, but merely that the report has been examined and the progress of the child noted."

T. T. ALLEN, Prin.

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by I. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

OUR FIREMEN

Will Feast and Dance On Ground Hog Day.

"May Their Shadow Never Grow Less"

The members of the Smethport Fire Department will have their Annual Jollification Wednesday evening, February 2, 1910, at the Lyceum. The gallant Fire Laddies, active and exempt, and their best girls will assemble there at 7 o'clock sharp for the Banquet. Two hundred plates will be served. It will be followed by speech making and a grand ball. The final arrangements will be announced to the members at the meeting of the Fire Department on this Friday evening.

It will be a red letter occasion for our Firemen. The Firemen's conventional red shirt will be conspicuous by its absence. Likewise the conventional puffs and swells of the cod-fish aristocracy, for our Firemen are all too hard-brained and soft hearted, and, not vice versa, for that. But, thinking now of the ladies, enough real "blue" blood will be there to have floated the good boat "Mayflower," and its precious cargo of many thousands of blue bloods. And, thinking now of the Firemen, as for red blood, enough will be there to float the largest battleship or to man it if necessary. As "Teddy," the immortal Bard of Oyster Bay, would say, our Firemen are the real thing and the kind that do things. Every mother's son of them is the hero of many a chase to "Bob" Tilton's chemical works just in the fire limit at East Smethport.

If any one doubts the statement as to the amount of red blood bound up in the average Smethport Fireman, we will say right here that we will back the present Chief of the Smethport Fire Department, Webb Horner, to out-red corpuscle any other Chief or Ex-Chief in this State, Chet King of Port Allegany preferred, and our Fire Department has eighty other active members as lively as Chief Hopper.

We are all proud of our Fire Department, it is to-day the best equipped, largest and most efficient of any Volunteer Department in Western Pennsylvania. It has given a good account of itself at several fires lately, notably the big Main street fire of last April, when the business part of this town was threatened with destruction. Smethport's fire fighters are a credit to the town and worthy of the support of its public spirited citizens and city fathers, which they receive.

The Banquet and Ball will be the best in the history of the Department, and the gallant and fearless Fire Laddies will not soon forget it.

"May Their Shadow Never Grow Less"

NOMINATIONS AT PRIMARIES.

A Very Light Vote Cast Here Last Saturday.

The winter primaries which were held in this borough last Saturday did not create much excitement, in fact there was none, the only contest being on the Republican ticket for assessor. The ballot on the Republican ticket was filled out but no names appeared on either the Democratic or Prohibition tickets. The day and evening was extremely rough and very few voters were sufficiently interested to brave the storm to go to the polls.

The following men were named for the various offices:

School Directors—H. H. Redfield and W. F. Specht, Rep. and Pro.; F. W. Brownell and S. F. Redfield, Dem.

Council—C. C. Choate, Rep.; Oscar Engstrom, Rep. and Pro.; Thomas W. Camp, Dem.

Auditor—Geo. W. Brennan, Rep. and Dem.

Assessors—G. H. Hyde, Rep. and Pro.; Wade Burdick, Dem.

Judge of Election—A. H. Kidder, Rep. and Pro.; Geo. Barber, Dem.

Inspector of Election—C. B. Dickinson, Rep. and Pro.; E. T. Daly, Dem.

Sneezed Out Bullets.

Here is one from an exchange that is hard to beat. "With a sneeze, Francis Rogers, a Civil War veteran, who was shot in the head at Antetiam, ejected three bullets from his nose. They were the three with which he was wounded at Antetiam and which he has carried in his head for forty-seven years. He frequently felt them as years passed, discovered they were working their way out. For years they caused him severe headaches, but surgeons did not care to operate as they were too close to the optic nerve. Feeling a tickling in his nose, Rogers sneezed violently and the bullet came out."

A SCARE AT AUSTIN.

It Was Feared the Great Water Pressure Would Force the Dam Away and Wipe Out Whole Town.

An Austin special dated Jan. 24, to the Era says: The inhabitants of this place—about 3,500 in all, have been in a state of terror all day owing to the anxiety and fear that the large storage dam built by the Bayliss Pulp and Paper company was about to break. The people could see only a repetition of the Johnstown flood in the outlook and many picked up their belongings and hastened to the hillsides.

The dam is fifty feet in height and over 600 feet in length and back up an immense body of water accumulated from Freeman's run. The pond extends back a distance of three-fourths of a mile.

The dam was completed about Thanksgiving time at a cost of about $100,000. It is of stone, 30 feet in thickness at the base and is set in concrete. It contains 14,000 barrels of cement and was eight months in building.

The warm weather and heavy snows of late have filled the pond back of the big dam and Sunday it reached the limit. Nothing was thought of the condition of affairs or the danger until it was discovered that the dam wall had bulged about 20 inches near the east end. What might happen next was a paramount question and it caused a general and genuine scare. A sudden break would sweep everything before it.

To-night, however, the danger appears to have passed. Workmen, with dynamite to-day succeeded in blowing away a portion of the dam, which had the effect of releasing some of the pent up mass of moisture. The pond was lowered about two feet.

Austinites are much relieved and there is a revival of confidence, but there is still more or less apprehension.

An early report was to the effect that there were a number of cracks in the thick wall of the dam, but this report seems to be erroneous.

People in surrounding localities were warned of the danger and remained away from the town.

BURNED IN GAS EXPLOSION.

W. P. Haines of Ormsby Received Painful Injuries Last Thursday.

W. P. Haines, who is employed by the Belview Oil Company at Ormsby, met with painful injuries last Thursday morning while working on a well. His face and ears were badly burned, his hair and eyebrows burned off and it was feared at first that the sight of his eyes had been injured, but his sight now is all right.

Mr. Haines was assisting in pulling rods out of the well and was standing over the hole when the escaping gas ignited from a jet that was burning in some distant part of the derrick. The flame followed back to the hole before he was aware what had happened and he received the full force of it in the face before he could move.

Those who were working with him brought him to Smethport where he was given medical attention by Dr. Hamilton and although he will be laid up for some time, his injuries will not be permanent.

Hellman-Bloomster.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bloomster, of Kasson, Pa., occurred the marriage of their youngest daughter, Miss Julia Elida to Mr. Oscar C. Hellman of Clermont, Pa., at ten o'clock, Wednesday, January 26, 1910. Rev. G. S. Oleson of Mt. Jewett, Pa., performed the nuptial ceremony. The attendants being Mr. Frank Bloomster, a brother of the bride, and Miss Agnes Carlson of Mt. Jewett.

Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. After a delightful wedding breakfast the happy couple departed amid the best wishes of all present. Upon their return from a trip to Buffalo, Cleveland and other points of interest, Mr. and Mrs. Hellman will reside at Belvidere, N. Y., where the groom is employed.

For Sale.

5 Portland Cutters (new).
1 set new Dickey Bobs.
3 2nd hand cutters.
1 2nd hand 3-seat light Bobs.
1 Surrey Sleigh in good condition.
5 Single Harnesses.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

Subscribe for The Miner.

MISS SPLAIN GETS VERDICT FOR $6,124.50

She Was Injured at Port Allegany in Automobile Accident.

AARON HELLMAN IS DEFENDANT.

First Verdict in This County Against Automobile Driver—Other Cases Disposed of Latter Part of Last Week.

Miss Genevieve Splain, who was thrown out of a carriage at Port Allegany a year ago last summer, the horse being frightened by a passing automobile driven and owned by Aaron Hellman of Clermont, was awarded a verdict last Saturday by a jury for $6,124.50 for injuries sustained in the accident, doctor's bills, etc.

Miss Splain, who was quite severely injured brought suit against Mr. Hellman for $5,000.00, and after the case had taken up a good deal of the time of the court, the jury gave her the full amount claimed together with $1,124.50 to cover doctors' and nurses' bills, etc.

This is the first suit ever brought in this county to recover damages from an automobile owner where a horse or team was frightened by a car. Mr. Hellman, through his attorney has asked for a new trial and in case it is not granted the case will probably be carried to a higher court. The final outcome will be watched with interest, especially by automobile owners.

Other Cases.

The case of H. Lovitz vs. the Dupont Powder Company has been continued until next April on the request of the defendant company. This is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for injuries received in the School street gas explosion.

The case of the Oil Well Supply Co. against Curtis E. Hockenberry, was disposed of. It was on a mortgage foreclosure action and the jury awarded the plaintiffs $1,260.

Honors Even in Droming.

A Los Angeles dispatch says: After a grilling duel in the air which marked the close of the great international air tournament at Dominguez field, Louis Paulhan of France and Glenn H. Curtiss of America, at last brought their machines to the ground just as the mantle of night was falling upon the scene, with honors even. Paulhan had been able to remain in the air longer than his rival, but Curtiss, in a race of ten laps with which the endurance began was not only able to prove again that his biplane was fleeter than the Frenchman's, but broke the track record for that distance. He made the ten laps in 24:02 1-5, or fifty-two seconds faster than when he won his great race here with the Frenchman. Paulhan's time for the distance, 16.10 miles, was 20:03 1-5, this was slower than his previous race.

The aviation carnival has been a tremendous financial success. It was stated to-day that there will be a profit of at least 25 per cent. on the investment. It was estimated that the gate receipts and the sums paid for privileges will reach a total of between $250,000 and $300,000.

The Other Side.

Last week we mentioned a sleigh-ride party who went to Crosby and had some of their clothing damaged and stolen. We told the story as it was told to us, but the young people of Crosby took exceptions to the assertions and we have received two communications from there denying the story. As both contain in substance the same denial we only publish one, which is as follows:

"The young people of Crosby would like the party or parties who so kindly inserted the statement that the clothing of the visitors from East Smethport was damaged by the young people of Crosby, prove their right to the assertion.

"It was a most unkind and untruthful accusation, but the young people of Crosby realize the condition a number of those from East Smethport were in."

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

8tf MRS CARRIE CLARK

OTHER THINGS

"And all the world I knew,
And the glories that lie beyond it, and
whitherward all things drew;
And myself a little fragment amidst it
all I saw."

Jolts and Jars.

Here and there is one who is foolish enough to be sensible.

The most of us are happy until we think of something that we haven't any use for.

There isn't much need to spend time on your character if you never expect to have any use for it.

The person who thinks very highly of himself usually relieves others of any obligation to do so.

There is always a prospect that if you do not like yourself others may be able to do so.

If you think you are the whole thing it is probably because others do not care for you.

The reason that an animal does not appear foolish is because it has sense in proportion to its brains.

The Board of Education of New York city has voted to abolish football in the League of Public Schools. Mr. Coudert in the meeting of the board opposed the game on the ground that it developed qualities that are far from commendable. He said: "I understand that if a player has been injured other players carefully seek his weak spot for attack." He quoted James J. Jefferies as saying that he would make his son a prize fighter, since then he would fight one man at a time, and not a football player, where he would have to fight eleven at a time. Ex-President Sullivan of the American Amateur Athletic Union, stood almost alone in his opposition to the motion, but he was coldly received and sharply criticised.

One of the things to be deprecated in our modern life is the way we live during the winter months in over-heated and poorly-ventilated rooms. The human system will endure much more cold pure air than is usually believed. It is the heated and impure air that is responsible largely for our northern scourges—colds, influenzas, throat troubles. An unusual but very satisfactory experiment has been going on recently in the Graham School in Chicago where the pupils have been undergoing cold as treatment for their health. For three months 90 first grade pupils have been studying with their wraps on with the windows open. The principal reports that the pupils are delighted to breathe pure air all day, that while no one is compelled to sit in this room, many are clamoring to do so, and that many have been cured of catarrh, swolen glands have been reduced to normal size and tubercular symptoms have disappeared. Their resistance to disease has been raised, and the pupils are much more healthy.

In an old work published in the year 1672 by Richard Verstegan and entitled The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities we are given a picture of the hardships of the month of January in the days of early Britain. He says: "The month which we now call January our Saxon ancestors called 'wolf monat,' or wolf month because people are wont always in that month to be in more danger to be devoured of wolves than in any other season else of the year's for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could find no other beasts to feed upon." We see out of what hardships has come our familiar expression about keeping the wolf from the door.

It was no less a seer than Carlyle who said: "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the dull of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the great man to have been the indispensible savior of his epoch—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burned. Small critics do what they can to promote unbelief and universal paralysis; but happily they cannot always completely succeed. In all times it is possible for a man to rise great enough to feel that they and their doctrines are chimeras and cobwebs. And what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for great men; a genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be. Hero-worship endures forever while man endures." These words occurred to me as my thoughts once more turned to William McKinley, the sixty-seventh anniversary of whose birth we recall this week Saturday, January 29. We are wise in cherishing his memory, not alone because he was a statesman and our President, but because he was in all respects a worthy example to the youth of the land. In his courage, love of right, gentleness, fidelity to duty he expressed in his life the highest American ideals. This line from one of our poets applies to him:

"In goodness, great;—in greatness, good."

BATTLE WITH TUBERCULOSIS.

McKean County Society and Its Sanatorium Doing Good Work.

The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis society, the headquarters of which are in Bradford, but which is made up of members living in cities and towns between Buffalo and Pittsburgh, inclusive, has a well equipped and well managed sanatorium, tried and not found wanting. But what it wants and needs is more members, which means more money to carry on the good work which the society set out to do upon its organization.

The purpose of the society, as its name indicates, is the cure and the prevention of tuberculosis. It is not in any sense a money making institution. Its members are assessed a certain fee per year, the money going to carry out the society's work. The more members it can enlist upon its banner the more money it will have, and the more work it can do. As we understand it, there is no limit to the number of members the society would take in, as it is manifest the more money the treasury has, the more good work may be performed.

A reporter for the Star-Record, paid a visit to the Bon Air sanatorium at Bells Camp, about seven miles out of Bradford on the line of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Traction railway. The sanatorium is in charge of an experienced physician, Dr. O. F. Kunkle of Reading, Pa., for tow years connected as assistant to Dr. Brown of Cottage sanatorium at Trudeau, N. Y., and Dr. Goodsell of Stoy Wood sanatorium at Lake Kushoqua, both in the Adirondacks. He is a tuberculosis expert. He is assisted by Miss Mary Nash of this city, who gained her first experience in nursing tuberculosis patients in the famous White Haven sanatorium in this state and who has been connected with Bon Air sanatorium since its beginning. She is an experienced graduate trained nurse. The business management is in the hands of Milton F. Melvin of this city, who is heart and soul in the work of the society and devotes all his time to it. The sanatorium is located in a pleasant spot up in the hills. The mountain background gives relief from cutting winds in winter, and altogether the spot seems an admirable one for an institution of this kind. There is a main building, a pleasant old farm house, where the business is transacted, meals are prepared and, which contains living apartments for those in charge. There are ten patients at the sanatorium. They live in several tents or what are technically known as "shacks," but which in reality are substantially built wooden structures.

In each of these "shacks" is a living room, and connected with a fresh air bedroom, open on three sides with canvas curtains, which may be let down in stormy weather. All the patients seen by the reporter are well satisfied with the care received and think very well of Bon Air and its management, which is a good indication, Bon Air has turned out some remarkable cures. It has been proven that most tubercular cases can be cured if the treatment, which is simplicity itself, if taken in time. Fresh eggs, fresh milk, quiet and fresh air is practically all there is to it, and all that in abundance is afforded at Bon Air.—Bradford Star-Record.

Howland-Anderson.

Mr. Harry S. Howland of Kane and Miss May E. Anderson of Marvindale were united in marriage by Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, in the parlors of the Hotel Imperial on Wednesday afternoon, January 26, 1910.

The happy couple have many friends in this vicinity who wish them a long and prosperous life of wedded bliss.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

An Organized Epidemic

It Cured, as Was Intended. Some Chronic Cases.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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Minerva's name was one of fate's subtlest ironies, the girl was so far—so very far—from wise, indeed, she knew no more than to be sweet and biddable to crabbed task mistresses. They were the Grimley sisters who had taken her, as they said daily, out of charity and to whom she served for hands, feet and eyes. She was rated sharply if she talked back, which was seldom, since she had rather a talent for silence than for speech.

The sisters were not consciously unkind. It was just that they had fallen into the way of fretting at everything. Life had defrauded them of the natural outlets—husbands and children. Therefore they made the most of such small worries as remained to maiden gentlewomen.

Minerva came to them when she was ten. For the next eight years her appetite and her trick of breaking things, especially those she was handling with utmost care, had served as vital grievances. But since she was full grown she ate much less and hardly ever let fall anything, no matter how fragile or precious; hence the Miss Grimleys had had to invent a new sin for her. They had chosen to find it in her possible future husband. According to their notion, she was always intent upon matrimony and scheming to ensnare whatever masculine person chance threw in her way.

The young circuit rider, for example; Jim Mace, the constable, who rode by the big gate every other day; the two Logwards, who farmed the lower place; even the young fellow clerking over at the crossroads—hadn't he actually tried to get board at the Grimley mansion? Dr. Bell, the one person who dared speak up to the sisters, rated them soundly for such suspicions. "No wonder," he said, poor Minerva, as shy and modest as any white rose, was awkward, almost rude, indeed, to all the young fellows she encountered and therefore likely to die an old maid.

Miss Jane and Miss Abby nodded approval there. Minerva was to have everything when they were gone. It would be quite enough to keep her like a lady. Husbands were but worries most of the time. As for children, they shook their heads and sighed. Clearly, in their judgment, a woman was likely to escape such things. Look at Minerva herself. Where would she be now if the Grimleys had not chosen that better part?

Dr. Bell, who had a tongue as rough and a heart as warm as his prettiest, growled at them. After awhile, being irritated, he did something else—something which set Sister Brown limping for a week, counting tenpit. What he did was the beginning of it he said, quietly:

"Oh, I'm not to cure the chronic cases by preaching an epidemic."

And that was all she could get out of him, no matter how hard she tried. She could, and did, very hard, since, like the rest of the neighborhood, she was giving all her mind to the coming session of the synod.

It was to be a great occasion. Ministers, their wives, sons and daughters were coming by the score. Their number would not be too great, however, for the countryside's hospitality.

With no provocation whatever from the church Dr. Bell fixed it so the Grimleys would have rather more than a double share of the clerical influx, namely, Deacon Brown and his wife, Dr. Henshaw, a pulpit Samson, just beginning to look about him over the edges of weeds not yet rusty; Professor Balderson, famed for persuading money into college channels, and young Lee, not yet come to full ordination. How the doctor managed all this is not known. He was almost unscrupulous when it came to carrying out a plan. At least two other households were full of bitter jealousy over the parceling out of guests, but the guests did not suspect it—least of all those fated to sit at meat with the Grimleys.

Miss Jane was a famous cook, Miss Abby was past mistress at preserving, Minerva made cake that was simply heavenly, and black Susan was a miracle of efficient strength in the kitchen. So the visitors rejoiced that their lines had fallen as they had. Indeed, all through synod week they could not say enough in praise and gratitude to their hostesses. As a consequence Miss Jane and Miss Abby forgot either to scold or to suspect. Carried away by the tide of hospitable impulse, they showed for what they were—excellent gentlewomen of the first rank.

As for Minerva, she fairly blossomed. Even the most callous onlooker saw in her a new creature. She was so radiant, indeed, that before three days were out Professor Balderson, a seasoned bachelor, made up his mind to marry her if he could. He changed his mind after good Sister Brown had let fall words of wisdom.

"It's providential," she said, nodding toward Minerva and young Lee. "If ever anybody was cut out for a pastor's wife it's that sweet girl, and I'm mighty glad to believe both of them have found it out."

Slight observation brought the professor himself to the same belief. For half an hour he was right down prostrate; then he flung up his head and actually whistled. Possibly the sight of Miss Jane had nothing to do with it. But certainly that afternoon and all through the days following he kept pretty close to her. Miss Jane was in a state of mind. It was plain as a pikestaff that that man Henshaw was making up to Sister Abby—Abby, who had never before tolerated anybody's courting.

"He must have bewitched her. That's all the way I can account for it," she confided, almost weeping, to the professor upon Saturday afternoon. "Something ought to be done about it. It's ridiculous at her time of life. I don't understand it a bit."

"No, but it may be the cooking. Dr. Henshaw's a good man, but not wholly above earth," the professor comforted wisely. "Besides, I can quite understand. A man's loneliness is something dreadful. He has just about had time to find out how much he misses his wife. In that he is worse off than I, who have been lonely so many years."

"Well, it was just because you chose to be," Miss Jane snapped, then could have bitten her tongue.

The professor positively beamed over her intimation. "I wonder if you can be in the right," he murmured. "Honestly, now, dear Miss Jane, if—if I found myself greatly attracted by a most superior woman of suitable age do you think I should have any chance?"

"You'll have to find out for yourself. One woman never knows about another," Miss Jane retorted, but with a blush that would have done credit to Minerva.

The professor took her hand. "But suppose it is not another?" he asked. "Suppose I dare raise my eyes to you?"

If Miss Jane had felt what was coming the sudden certainty of it overwhelmed her. For the first and last time she fainted outright, and most gracefully notwithstanding her 150 pounds, upon the professor's shoulder.

Minerva came running to them, exclaiming anxiously: "Fetch Dr. Bell! And keep Aunt Abby away!"

Afternoon service was just about to begin. In the stir and confusion of getting the crowd inside the church it was easy to mask Miss Jane's faint as something else.

"Oh, A—I—turned my ankle," she herself said, sniffing the salts Sister Brown held under her nostrils.

"Then we must take you straight home," the professor said as one in authority, looking into her eyes while he nodded toward Minerva and her sweetheart.

Miss Jane began to say faintly, "Abby—where is she?" But Sister Brown checked her with a significant sniff.

"Don't you worry about Miss Abby," she said. "Just let them put you in the carriage and go along. Dr. Henshaw'll see to it your sister gets home all right."

Then Dr. Bell exploded. When he could speak for laughing he said, wringing Miss Jane's hand heartily and beaming on the professor:

"It has worked splendidly. Get home, all of you. I'll tell Abby everything and make her likewise tell me."

"What has worked?" Miss Jane demanded, suddenly forgetting her turned ankle and stamping her foot. The doctor looked quizzically from her to Minerva, then on to the professor and young Lee, whose eyes wandered to Miss Abby and her pills, just now coming up to them.

"My organized epidemic," he said, with another great laugh at matrimony, to be sure. It hurt my feelings to see three fine wives going to waste."

For once Miss Jane had no word ready. The professor was likewise silent. But young Lee spoke up manfully:

"You were exactly right, doctor, and no man could have done a better deed."

"So I can say 'Bless you, my children!' all round?" the doctor queried.

Young Lee's eyes twinkled. "Sure thing," he said. "You see, Dr. Henshaw begged me to fix things with Minerva so Miss Abby would have no excuse to make him wait."

"She didn't think of me, I suppose," Miss Jane said, sighing. The others smiled. Sister Brown spoke for all of them. "No; she didn't forget you," she said. "But all of us have seen how it would be these last three days."

Not a Nature Student.

She was not a nature student, and when she saw a sparrow on the sidewalk, evidently too young to fly and too badly frightened even to hop, she did not know exactly what to do for it. She did not know how it had got there, where its parents were or what relief measures would be advisable. All she could do in her perplexity was to keep the group of boys who had gathered around it from harming it and to see if any of them could suggest a course of action, for she was well aware that in these days of nature study the veriest school infant knows more about birds and their like than many an older person.

Presently a big boy pushed through the group, looked at the bird kindly, then stooped and took it up. She was much relieved. "Will you take care of it?" she asked him. "Sure!" he responded, with indignant emphasis. She was anxious that it should have the best of care, so she suggested helpfully, "Better give it a little milk."

The boy stared. Then he grinned; then he yelled. "Milk!" he roared. "Milk! Ha, milk!" Then he streaked up the street, carrying the bird carefully in his hands and derisively ejaculating, "Milk!"

Her face flushed as she went on her way, and she was heard to murmur to herself: "Now, I wonder why he laughed. Very unmannerly, I'm sure."—New York Press.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK.
General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

EARNED HIS BOARD.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Experience as a Hotel Runner.

"During the early part of my business career," said Sir Thomas Lipton in the London Strand Magazine, "I became imbued with the idea that it was possible to prosper quickly in America, and at the age of sixteen I left home and started for the United States. I had not dared tell my father and mother, so they only knew of the great step I had taken when I had gone. Had it not been for the kindness of my fellow passengers my journey would have been very miserable, and once or twice, I confess, I lost heart.

"I had no money nor any one to go to when I arrived in New York, and before we landed I cudgeled my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamer drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before any one else had left the vessel.

"As it seemed a clean, well kept place I asked to see the proprietor and told him that I could get him forty patrons, provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To this he consented. I made my way back instantly to the boat and was just in time to catch my fellow passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did."

LONG LIVED OLIVE TREES.

Groves That Have Been Productive For Many Centuries.

The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 400 trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued in the year 1430.

Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productiveness for many hundreds of years. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect.

Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive tree bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruits from the branches with sticks, which seriously injured them.

The methods of grinding the olive for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders nor pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers receive 5 per cent of the actual fruit picked, and the grinders get 10 per cent of the fruit ground.—Dundee Advertiser.

How Whitman Helped Childs.

The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman; "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me $50 a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully, "and then, you know, it helps Childs along."

Notice to Many Sirrs.

Where did etiquette require nobles to appear before their sovereigns merely clad? This singular custom characterized court ceremonial in ancient Mexico under the Aztec dominion. When the native lords and grandees had occasion to seek the presence of Montezuma they were under the obligation, as Toribio de Benevente, who accompanied the Conquistador Cortes, testifies, of assuming a voluminous mantle of poor material (una manta grosera y pobre), with which they covered and concealed their ordinary robes, in token of subjection and humiliation. These were manufactured out of the leaves of the aloe tree by the commoner classes. Etiquette required the strict observance of this custom by all those who came into the emperor's presence, with the exception of persons of the royal blood. Any one seeking audience of the emperor had to don these common clothes on his arrival at the palace. Barefooted and wretchedly clad, he was led before the sovereign and with downcast eyes made his request, with every outward sign of abject subservience.

It Came Back.

"John Burroughs, the naturalist, dined with me one night," said a magazine editor of New York, "and among my guests was a young nature writer of the new school.

"This young man told a wonderful story about the intelligence of oysters. He said he was going to put the story in his new book. Mr. Burroughs gave a dry laugh and said:

"'Let me tell you about a cat. This story is quite as authentic as the other one, and it should do for your book nicely.'

"The venerable student paused impressively, then said:

"'A Springfield couple had a cat that age had rendered helpless, and they put it out of its misery by means of chloroform. They buried it in the garden and planted a rosebush over the remains. The next morning a familiar scratching took them to the front door, and there was that cat waiting to be let in, with the rosebush under its arm.'"

Curious Village Names.

There is in Dorset a group of villages which in some form or other have as their eponym the stream in whose valley they are situated. The stream is named Puddle, and the villages bear the names of Puddle Hinton, Puddletown, Tolpuddle, Affpuddle, Turner's Puddle and Heyn's Puddle. One is reminded of the fiddle about the letter "a." Some, like Hyde Mary, "have it before;" some, like King William, "have it behind." Poor things! poor things! "The inhabitants of those villages," says Maemus Dinsdale, who writes in the Cornhill Magazine on "English Village Names," "sent to a fellow-countryman of mine, if I am rightly informed, Cecil Rattes—a request that they might be allowed to change their names and replace them with more euphonious substitutes which he willingly supplied. Once came the royal reply, curt, overbearing, inexorable: 'Puddle you are, and puddle you must remain!'"

Dr. Hale's Day.

Dr. Hale and the late Bishop Huntington of New York were fast friends. The latter had been a Unitarian, and his shift caused a sensation, says the Christian Register. The Episcopalians have saints assigned to the various days in the year. When an Episcopalian minister writes a letter on any day for which there is a saint he always writes the name of the saint at the close of the letter instead of the date. Bishop Huntington learned all those things quickly and began to practice them at once. The first time he had occasion to write to his old friend Dr. Hale after joining the church he placed "St. Michael's day" after his signature. A reply from the doctor came, and after his name he had written in a full, round hand, "Wash day."

A Little Awkward.

"Nearsightedness must be very embarrassing at times," remarked a Brooklyn resident to an acquaintance this afternoon. "The other morning, for example, a man addressed me on a crowded bridge trolley, and in the course of conversation he roundly abused a chap whose political and business methods he disliked equally. In fact, he became acutely personal in his denunciation.

"Before he left the car he was informed by a friend near him that I was the man he had been abusing. It didn't worry me at all, but it must have been a bit disconcerting for him, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

The Sun.

It has been stated that no one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know nothing except that it must be infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles thick and is called the "chromosphere." It is a gaseous flood.

Prompt Rebuke.

"Orlando, you mustn't put your arm around my waist."

"Why, Gloriana, it's been there for half an hour."

"Well, I didn't notice it till just now."—Chicago Tribune.

The Real Victim.

After a man has been sick a week his wife looks worse than he does from taking care of him.—Atchison Globe.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.—Shakespeare.

Dangerous Insects.

The trolley car stopped in the middle of a stretch of country road. Both motorman and conductor tried in vain to find out what the trouble was. At last they gave it up, and the conductor started down the track to the nearest telephone.

"What do you suppose is the trouble?" inquired a passenger of his seat mate.

"Why, I don't know much about electricity," said the other, "but I should say it was the ohms. You see, they get into the wires every little while and make an awful fuss there. Technically, I believe, it is called resistance, but all it amounts to is stoppage—like bees in water pipe, you know. I never saw an ohm myself. They're microscopic, you know."—Youth's Companion.

The Joy That Killed.

A senator was praising the humor of a certain congressman.

"His humor, however," he concluded, "is rather grim. I told him the other day about a mutual acquaintance who had died, a man he had never liked.

"'And his wife is dead, too,' I said. 'He himself died on Monday; his wife died two days later. The papers didn't say what killed her.'

"'She was tickled to death, I guess,' said the congressman grimly."

The Man of the Hour.

Little Charles was sent to Miss B.'s to return a basket. He was received very cordially and invited to come "some time and stay to dinner." "Thank you," said Charles very solemnly, "I will. I'll stay today."—Delineator.

Rough.

"I scraped an acquaintance with Jones today."

"Yes. And he says your methods need honing."—Cleveland Leader.

As the births of living creatures at first are ill shapen, so are all inventions, which are the births of time.—Bacon.

WORLD'S BANKNOTES.

Shape Size and Color of Paper Money of the Nations.

The only paper money that is accepted practically all over the globe is not "money" at all, but the notes of the Bank of England. These notes are simply printed in black ink on Irish linen water lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The reason that a badly soiled or worn Bank of England note is rarely seen is that being which is any way find their way back to the bank are immediately canceled and new ones are issued. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water lined paper printed in black and white, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures. They are in denominations of from 25 francs to 1,000 francs.

Bank of England notes are of a somewhat unhandy size—5 by 8 inches. South American currency resembles the bills of the United States, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors. German currency is printed in green and black, the notes being in denominations of from 5 to 1,000 marks. The 1,000 mark bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

It takes an expert or a native to distinguish a Chinese bill from a laundry ticket. If the bill is of low denomination or a firecracker label if for a large amount, the print being in red on white or yellow on red, with much gilt and gorgeous devices. Italian notes are all sizes, shapes and colors. The smallest bills, 5 and 10 lire, are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks.

The most striking paper currency in the world is the 100 ruble note of Russia, which is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow blended as when a sun ray passes through a prism. In the center in bold relief is a finely executed vignette in black. The remainder of the engraving on the note is in dark and light brown ink.

The American practice of scattering strands of silk through the paper fiber as a protection against counterfeiting is unique.—Harper's Weekly.

POLAR PHENOMENA.

The Mirage and the Mock Sun of the Arctic Regions.

In the spring of 1900 I changed over to the steamer Corwin and sailed for the Arctic ocean, to establish a trading station somewhere on the northern shores of Alaska. Although we went on a purely commercial venture, there was a good deal of talk about the pole during the seven months we spent in the almost continuous sunlight.

Dr. Cook relates instances of seeing mirages above the ice fields—mountains passing in solemn review and sometimes inverted and standing on their peaks—but he does not tell that there were no forms of life. Mirage as a common sight even in lower latitudes than those mentioned by Dr. Cook. I have seen the spires and domes of well defined buildings, whole cities, in fact, appear above the horizon, remaining lingering for several minutes, or again, with their towers crowding the sky and higher and higher, disappear apparently no more than a "puff of smoke." The mock sun is a common phenomenon in the Behring sea. On the twenty-first of June, perhaps five miles south of St. Lawrence island, about 9:30 o'clock and past sunset, the sun was visible as though half an hour high, but appearing as a much flattened oval. Then another sun, more nearly round emerged from the horizon beneath the "goose egg," fusing quite rapidly, until it blended with the descending orb. Thereupon, instead of settling below the horizon, the light was quickly dissipated in the air. This phenomenon was probably due to the unequal density of several superimposed strata of air producing refraction of the sun's rays from below the horizon.—Captain Edwin Coffin of Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

G. H. DENNING

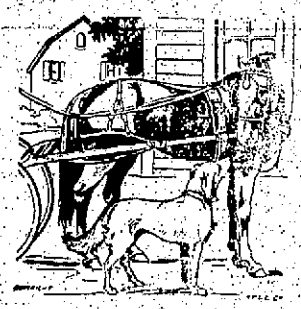
MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.



Animal Friends

will not let their horses suffer from want of proper food when they can get the choicest grain, feed hay and straw at our store. Give your horses good nourishing food that creates energy and endurance to work, and fire and ambition for speed by ordering your supplies from F. A. GREEN.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Conies, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE "MINER"

Brasted's

Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Advantage of Education.

"Are you satisfied with the results of the course which your daughter followed at college?"

"Perfectly satisfied. She is going to marry one of the professors."

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years after date.—Chicago News.

Fortune Telling

Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health.

The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross.

Womanly health when lost or impaired may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence held as sacredly confidential. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Great Family Doctor Book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers in *Plain English* bouts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent *free*, in plain wrapper to any address on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only, or in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything either in or of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore, your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

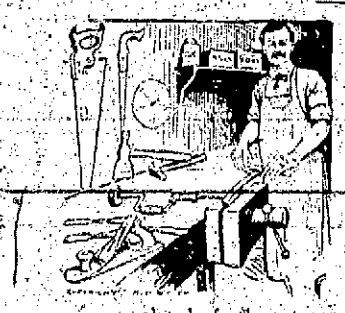
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

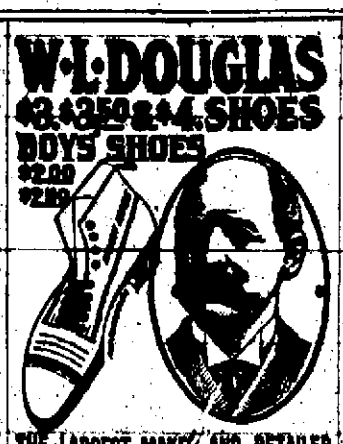


When Carpenters

or cabinet-makers want to replenish their tool-chest at a very nominal cost, they come to us because they know that we carry complete stocks of all these goods and are way ahead of other stores in this line. Nothing missing—everything in the way of carpenters' tools and appliances is here, at reasonable prices. Patronize us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $4. SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $2.00 $2.50

THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior in all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. C. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

ANDERSON & CARLSON

Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

Everything in the drug line pure and fresh at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE

Perfumes, Rubber Goods, Toilet articles, Stationery, Brushes Purses and Handbags.

Compare our prices. We can afford to sell at fair rates on prescriptions, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG, Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910.

Local and General.

—Notice what Fry & Comes have to say in their advertising space this week.

—A very light vote was cast in this borough at the primaries.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. Charles McKean entertained a number of ladies at cards at her home on Main street Tuesday afternoon.

—Mrs. Melville Gillette gave a very delightful bridge whist party to a number of ladies on Monday evening at her home on West Main street.

—John Wanamaker, one of the greatest merchants knows what he's talking about when he says "To take your advertisement out of the paper is like taking down your sign." All progressive dealers agree with him.

—The Ladies of the Maccabees tendered Mrs. W. R. Andrews a surprise party at the home of Mrs. Frank Cummings on Monday evening. She was the recipient of some hand-painted china as a slight token of the esteem in which she is held by her sister members.

—W. R. Andrews and family are moving their effects to Shinglehouse where they will reside in the future. Mr. Andrews and family have resided in this place for about ten years and during that time they have made many firm friends who will regret that their business is such that they are compelled to leave this place.

—The Traveller's Club will celebrate the eighteenth anniversary of the founding of the Club on Saturday. Each member has earned two dollars for the Club House fund and will give it with a story of how it was earned. All members with their husbands or friends are requested to be present.

—Mrs. Kate L. Wright, widow of the late B. F. Wright, has been granted an original pension of $12.00 per month, through the agency of E. R. Sherman of Bradford. Her application was filed in the pension bureau at Washington on December 27, 1909, and the pension was granted on January 21, 1910. She will also receive his accrued pension amounting to $37.50.

—J. W. Barlett of Kane, Pa., asks the assistance of the newspapers in learning the present whereabouts of Harry Hyland, last heard from in the Ohio oil fields. His brother, S. B. Hyland, who has no children, recently lost his wife by death. He is an old man and utterly alone with no one to care for him and needs the assistance of his brother. Any information would be appreciated if sent to Mr. Barlett at Kane.—Warren Mirror.

—An explosion of natural gas from an undetermined cause in the See Block at 6 o'clock Friday morning resulted in a $35,000 fire in Coudersport. Among the heaviest losers were those of the Coudersport Enterprise, $12,000, with $6,000 insurance; See & Spear, merchants, $7,500, with $5,000 insurance; and J. H. Dexter & Son, stationers, $4,000, with $2,500 insurance. The three-story building was completely gutted by the fire, and the Enterprise is compelled to suspend publication.

—Frank Sage, the Second ward man, who was committed to the county jail on a charge of abusing a child, was taken to Smethport yesterday afternoon. Before leaving Bradford, Sage was examined by a physician, who declared that the man was suffering from tuberculosis and appeared to be in such condition that his life would not be of long duration. It is said that an appeal will be made to the court to release Sage on suspended sentence and allow him to return to his home in Salamanca, says Saturday's Star-Record.

—At the Traveller's Club last Saturday a paper on Surgery prepared by Dr. John Clark, was read, followed by a most interesting talk on the same subject by Dr. H. L. McCoy. The ladies tendered a rising vote of thanks to both physicians for their kindness in making possible their "Surgery Day," as assigned in the Club calendar. Music was furnished for the occasion by Mrs. Scott Walker and the Traveller's Club Junior Quartette, consisting of Rita Gorton, Lois Hogarth, Donald Hogarth and Alta Morrison. Light refreshments were served.

—A communication received by James W. Babcock, local collector for the People's Mutual Life Association and League assures local patrons that the affairs of the association are now in the hands of the insurance department of New York pending a settlement of the troubles which of late have involved the organization. Until further orders all death and disability claims will be paid as heretofore. Fred P. Schoonmaker of Bradford, is one of the directors of the association, but is not involved in the trouble to which the insurance department took exceptions and out of which the trouble arose.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Mrs. Nina Moses was arrested Monday on the charge of maintaining a gambling room in the Broadhead block, Jamestown, N. Y. At the same time Arthur Malmber, Gust Elmer Sundell and William Jones were arrested for gambling, the woman and the three men being caught in the act of playing poker when the officers burst into the room. The men were fined $10 when taken into police court and the woman was permitted to escape with a suspended sentence on account of having three small children to look after. The woman's children were sent to the home of her parents at Chautauqua, who are prominent residents of that section.

—The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League was organized as late as last October and within that length of time have already taken care of ten patients. It is the intention of the Society to place themselves in position to take care of at least twenty-five or thirty patients during the coming summer. The Honorable Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, recent Republican candidate for Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, is president. The Honorable Robert F. Hallowell, ex-member of assembly for McKean county, is active vice-president. Mrs. Kate L. Berry, whose late husband, George A. Berry, was one of the foremost lawyers in this district, is treasurer, and Miss Anna M. Hanley of Bradford is secretary. The Society is controlled by a board of fifteen, which represents the various cities in the district.

—At Johnsonburg on Monday of last week while some boys were on their way home from school going out the Rolfe railroad along Silver Creek they got to playing football with a roll of greenbacks, but when they became aware of the value of the package their eyes stuck out considerably. One of the boys, George Mendat, son of a prosperous farmer, picked up the package and took it home and displayed the money to his father, who realized without counting, that the money represented a large sum. Mr. Mendat, Sr., has advertised the find in the Johnsonburg papers and thinks it won't be long before a claim is put in for it by the loser.

—The Punxsutawney and Indiana high school girls' basket ball teams played at Punxsutawney last night but to the great disgust of the men, especially the city editor of the Spirit, men were excluded. The Spirit says: Why the men are barred is a question no one seems able to solve. The girls play attired in costumes that have at least nine times as much material in them as the majority of bathing suits. Can you imagine a girl at Atlantic City causing a notice to be published in one of the newspapers there, to the effect that she was going bathing that morning and all men were requested to hie themselves to the woods between the hours of two and four?

—Kane Republican: One of Davis Bros.' drivers, familiarly called "Peg" because he had the misfortune to lose a leg by a diseased bone when he was a mere child, started for James City on Saturday evening and had reached there safely and was on his way back and had just crossed a small bridge when two men passed him and when they got by they shot a revolver off twice which frightened the horse and it plunged into the creek of snow and water and fell down. "Peg" immediately asked the men to help him get the horse up and they told him to go to h——, and left him to his fate. He worked in the blizzard some few minutes to get the horse on its feet again, but had to give it up and walked from there to R. L. Hadfield's residence, a distance of a mile and a half, where he telephoned to the barn for assistance. Four men immediately started for the scene and got there just in time to save the horse's life as it had been struggling in the meantime to get on its feet again, and was almost perished from the cold. If those two men could be identified they ought to serve a long sentence in the penitentiary for being so inhuman to man and beast.

A New Delight—

Foods Shot from Guns

There are myriads of homes where these foods are not new—these delicious Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The people who know them are already serving seventeen million dishes per month.

But to millions of others these foods remain a new and unknown delight. And to those this appeal is addressed.

The appeal is to try one package—just for the children's sake.

Serve it tomorrow morning. Listen to what they say. Then ask them what food they want next.

Wheat and rice are common foods, prepared in numerous ways. See if this way is best.

We make all sorts of cereal foods, so it matters little to us which kind you prefer.

But it means much to you to get the food that you like best. See if Puffed Wheat is that food.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Puffed Rice—15c

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Live news notices and 5c. locals form this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,

Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Paris is having one of the worst floods in its history and the damage which is being done will run into many millions of dollars.

Japan has refused to abide by the terms of Secretary Knox's note for the open door, which again leaves relations between the two countries somewhat strained. Japan seems to take delight in being insolent to the United States and eventually there will be an understanding that may be costly to both nations.

A United States army investigation will play a part in the forthcoming criminal prosecution of the beef trust. The army, within a month, has felt increased cost of living directly in the increase from 8 to 11 cents per ration for the enlisted man. The commissary general had to get a deficiency appropriation of $2,000,000 to meet the advance. One of those practical investigations was instituted for which the army is famous, and when the army men were informed by the trust agents that beef had gone up because there was a scarcity of cattle on the ranges, the army experts were prepared to show that the contrary was true. They have data to prove their claims and this information is likely to be very useful in the forthcoming anti-meat trust campaign.

It begins to look now as though the large trusts and combinations that have been boosting the prices on practically all kinds of food for human consumption have carried things a little too far, and that the reaction may make some of them heavy losers. Hundreds of thousands of people in many large cities in the United States have organized a boycott on food stuffs that bear inflated prices and as a result of the prices on beef, butter and eggs has commenced to come down. Until the boycott is cut up so it should be aimed at the perishable foods which are held in storage will spoil on the hands of those who have entered into combinations to hold up the consumer for exhorbitant prices. This boycott is hard on many of the small retailers who, in the majority, are innocent of any attempt to force the prices up, but the consumer has been ruthlessly robbed for so long that he has turned and is liable to give a fight that will have a telling effect on those who corner the necessities of life. The American people, both rich and poor are in the habit of living so well that it is in their power to cut down the consumption of these articles with inflated prices to such an extent that even the trusts cannot stand out long against them. The boycott is a most creditable one and may it continue to spread and grow until prices are forced down to a point where the ordinary laboring man can earn enough to support his family as they should be supported.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., January 22, 1910

Senator Carter of Montana has drafted a bill to authorize the issuance to the states of patents for public lands which are chiefly valuable for the development of water power. The measure is an outgrowth of the discussions at the recent conference of Governors held in Washington and is aimed to meet the demands of those who insist that the states and not the general government shall assume control of this phase of the conservation problem. Mr. Carter is one of the strong men in Congress, an able debater and an experienced legislator. As chairman of the Committee of Irrigation he made a careful and exhaustive inquiry last year of the public domain of the west and he is regarded as being well equipped to discuss and defend his measure to give the states control of the development of water powers.

The Carter bill differs fundamentally from that drafted by the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President and introduced by Senator Nelson. The Nelson bill provides that the government shall retain title to all power sites on the public domain, granting only easements thereon and in such way as to prevent their union for purposes of monopoly with other sites. The right of use is to be limited to forty years, with means for determining a graduated rental, and with provision for fixing the terms of renewal.

It is proposed in the Carter bill that the Federal government shall give these lands outright to the states, which would thereafter handle and control them for power development. The bill provides also that the states shall never alienate the fee simple title to the land and shall reserve the right to fix the rental rates based on capacity for power development. The state is also to regulate the price to be charged for the electric current generated by the water power.

It is apparent that a great legal battle will be fought out in Congress before the question of the rights of the states and the federal government respecting water power control is finally settled. This problem has given the National Waterways Commission more trouble than all the other questions that have arisen before that commission. It is entirely possible that some of the Senators from the great inland states of the far West will line up with the Southern Democrats on this question on the ground that an effort is being made by the general government to take away rights granted the states in the Constitution.

There are few waiters at Rolla, Missouri, where Representative Murphy makes his home. But in Washington, where Mr. Murphy takes his meals in the winter time, the waiter is very much in evidence. Mr. Murphy has introduced an anti-tipping bill, but his measure is not general in its scope. The Missouri Congressman wants to try his plan in the District of Columbia. It provides that no waiter shall take a tip and that no proprietor shall allow tips to be accepted. The penalty is a fine ranging from $5 to $50. In view of the agitation for a reduction in the cost of living Mr. Murphy thinks his measure ought to prove very popular among those who have to patronize restaurants and hotels.

There are signs of a widespread and vigorous campaign against the proposed legislation to increase the postage rates on magazines with a view to wiping up the deficit in the Postoffice Department. Certain magazines have already begun to send circulars to their advertisers and subscribers denouncing the plan. A number of these circulars have found their way to members of Congress and a greater number of letters from constituents based on these circulars have come to the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads. Hearings on the proposed legislation will begin on January 26 and it is expected that a number of the leading magazines will send representatives to Washington to enter an emphatic protest at this time.

Arrangements have been made by the War Department for the manoeuvers to be held in various parts of the country during the coming summer. It is expected that Congress will appropriate $1,350,000 for these joint manoeuvers in which the regular forces and the state militia participate. An allotment will be made of $250,000 for coast defense exercises, to be held at forts along the coast in the neighborhood of the big cities and in which a limited force of the state militia will participate. The schedule which has been prepared embraces a larger force than has hitherto been engaged in these exercises. The Department is convinced that the gathering together in joint practice of state and regular soldiers works a great benefit to both classes of soldiers.

Senator Root has accepted an appointment to represent the United States as special counsel at the highly important arbitration proceedings which are to define the meaning of the provisions of the treaty of 1818 with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries. He took upon himself this onerous and exacting duty at the urgent request of President Taft and Secretary Knox who are convinced that because of the important part played by Mr. Root as Secretary of State in the negotiations preliminary to the arbitration, it would be impossible to secure more competent counsel.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Jan. 22, 1910.

Anderson, Mrs. Wm.
Arnett, Mrs. Lottie.
Minor, Mrs. Carrie.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted—Salesmen to sell our guaranteed Oils and Paints. Experience unnecessary. Extremely profitable offer to right party. The EMPIRE OIL Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Comparative Riches.

He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine!—Jeremy Taylor.

Be Chary of New Spraying Materials.

Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, will not recommend new spraying materials, without having first tested them and ascertained their value. A Lancaster county man recently asked for information concerning a new preparation, which the manufacturer, in his circular, claims is equal to the boiled lime sulphur solution.

The professor replied: "This preparation may be a good, commercial, concentrated boiled Lime-sulphur Solution, and it may be not. It is one of the new materials on the market that is yet too recent to be established on its tests and merits. I have not yet had time to try it, nor to examine it, although I have just written for some which I expect to receive and examine soon. I must inform you that since we do not know that this article is equal to the home-boiled Lime-sulphur Solution, it would be much better for you to stick to that which is tested and tried and known to be reliable, until the other material is proved likewise to be satisfactory.

"Concerning a certain insecticide of which you write, I certainly would not recommend it, especially on peach or plum trees. It may do all right for one or two years, and another year seriously injure the trees, as it did for Mr. ———, Pennsylvania's most extensive fruit grower, in Franklin county."

Life's Wisest Policy.

It is wiser to act than to ask "why;" safer to "keep your own key and your own counsel," and better policy to encourage a flexible opinion, taking the views of many and weighing them, with the possibility of changing your mind.

Notice of Appeals for McKean County. 1910.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners, sitting as a board of revision will be at the places named below at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on the Military Enrollment will be held on the same days and at the same places.

For Kane Borough 1st Ward, February 21st; Kane Borough 2nd Ward, February 22nd; Kane Borough 3rd Ward, February 23rd; Kane Borough 4th Ward, February 24th.

Hamilton Township, February 25th, at Kane; Wetmore Township, February 26th, at Kane; Hamlin Township, February 26th, at Mt. Jewett.

Mt. Jewett Borough, March 1st, at Mt. Jewett.

Lafayette Township, March 2nd, at Mt. Alton.

Bradford City 1st and 2nd Wards, March 3rd; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 4th; 5th and 6th Wards, March 5th, at City Building.

Bradford Township, March 7th; Foster Township, March 8th; Corydon Township, March 9th, at City Building, Bradford.

Eldred Borough, March 10th; Eldred Township, March 11th, a. m.; Ceres Township, March 11th, p. m., at Eldred.

Otto Township, March 12th, at Duke Center. Port Allegany Borough, March 14th; Liberty Township, March 15th, a. m.; Annin Township, March 15th, p. m., at Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, March 16th; Keating Township, March 17th; Sergeant and Norwich Townships, March 18th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 19th day of January, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

110 Acre Farm With Fine House, Close to Eldred, For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 110 acres, located one mile from Eldred, Pa., on R. F. D. Smooth valley and hill land, 75 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and small oak and chestnut timber. Well watered; fair fences. New 14-room house plumbed for gas and city water, toilet and bath, good cellar. One barn 30x46, new roof, one barn 30x40. Barns in good repair. This farm is 1 1-4 miles from cheese factory, 1-2 mile from high school and one mile from railroad station. Price $3,500. Terms $1,500 cash, balance $200 a year and interest. This is a fine farm on the main road to Port Allegany, lays nice, and buildings alone are worth what it is priced at. If you want a good farm, finely located don't let this one get away. Call on J. S. Cotton or write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Duntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to R. H. Duntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

R. H. DUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Corydon, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.
MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.
This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.
We Solicit Your Work.
City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.
Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE!
EVERYTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

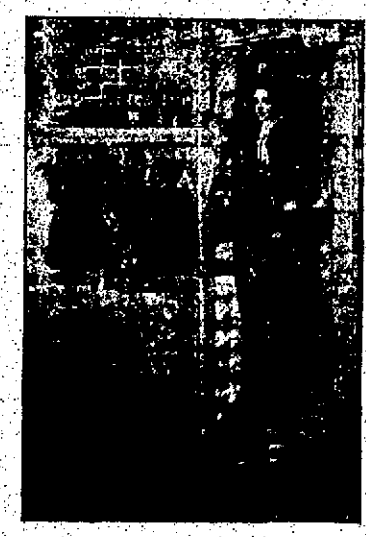
WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

A BIG SAVING!
THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER
AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS
36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated



A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION
From THE BOYS MAGAZINE.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW
ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.

For Friday and Saturday, the last two days of our Great January Clearance Sale we offer wonderful bargains in every department. We have made still deeper Cuts in order to cause absolute clearance of all Winter Merchandise.

Come to this store—expect to find the greatest bargains in high grade Merchandise and you will not be disappointed.

Special Sale of Lace Curtains Friday and Saturday.

$5.00 Lace and Net Curtains for.....$3.25
$4.00 Lace and Net Curtains for.....$2.65
$2.75 Lace Curtains for.....$1.95
$2.50 Lace Curtains for.....$1.65
$1.50 Lace Curtains for.....$1.00
$1.25 Lace Curtains for.....$ .85
$1.00 Lace Curtains for.....$ .65
90 cent Lace Curtains for.....$ .60
75 cent Lace Curtains for.....$ .50

Millinery at one-half Price and less.

The reduction in prices during this January Clearance Sale are the greatest of the year, affording a substantial saving on every purchase. Our first week of this sale was a big success. Crowds of satisfied buyers visited our store. Our entire stock of this season's up-to-date merchandise, including ladies' and misses' coats, suits, skirts, petticoats, fur sets, millinery and shoes, and all lines of dry goods and undergarments being sold at exceptionally low prices. No matter what sales you may read of elsewhere, do yourself the justice to at least, observe what is here—and compare qualities and prices with other stocks. If you do this, we KNOW where you will spend your money.

The following are a few of the many special items on sale here at less than cost of Manufacturer.

Misses' and Children's Coats.

in Sizes 4 to 15, Fancy Mixtures.

$8.00 coats for $3.95
$7.00 coats for $3.50
$5.50 coats for $2.75
$5.00 coats for $2.45
$4.50 coats for $2.25
$4.00 coats for $1.98
$3.50 coats for $1.65

Ladies and Girls Fur Neck Pieces,

about 30 in all in Mink, Musk Rat, Isabela Fox, and Squirrel Skins, prices range from $4.00 to $23.00, special for the balance of this week and next week at (½) one half price.

Wool Blankets.

$7.25 all wool Blankets 1¼ wide for.....$4.00
$6.00 all wool Blankets 1¼ wide for.....$3.25

Ladies Golf Gloves.

Ladies 50 cent Gloves for.....29c
Ladies 25 cent Gloves for.....14c

Shoes.

$4.00 Queen Quality Shoes for.....$2.50
$3.50 Queen Quality Shoes for.....$2.25
$3.00 Queen Quality Shoes for.....$2.00
$2.50 Dorris Shoes for.....$1.85
$2.25 Dorris Shoes for.....$1.65

Toweling.

One lot of 15c unbleached fowling, special at, per yd.....9c

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Our Specialty This Week

DALY & GARLICK'S

Hardware

Call and See the line

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910.

Local and General.

—A County Teachers' Association will be held on Saturday at Port Allegany.

—The Young Ladies' Missionary Society met with Mrs. Harris Tuesday evening.

—Elwood Gaskin has purchased the laundry interests of Hogarth and Morrison.

—Ernest Comes has been ill all of the week, though not in a serious condition.

—The Epworth League will hold a Weight Social in the chapel on Friday evening.

—The Star moving picture house is closed this week while some repairs are being made.

—Saturday is Carnation Day, in commemoration of the birth of the late William McKinley.

—Read the change in advertisement of A. B. Armstrong's Drug Store in another column.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. is hauling a great deal of coal through here now for the Buffalo & Susquehanna Company.

—Mrs. Amster entertained a party of ladies at her home last Tuesday afternoon. A most enjoyable time is reported.

—Mr. Ermie Stilson and Miss Leonie V. Tanner were married at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage on Saturday afternoon, January the 22, 1910.

—The High School contest which was to have been held at Port Allegany on Friday evening is declared off Port Allegany having forfeited to Eldred.

—Saturday was one of the roughest days we have had this winter and at night the wind was about the highest it has been in this section for many years.

—State Lecturer E. B. Dorsett will be at the Pomona Grange meeting to be held at Port Allegany next Wednesday.

—Miss Edna Freeman who has been out of school for some time because of measles and chicken pox among her scholars, has herself come down with chicken pox.

—There will be a special meeting of Fidelity Grange Monday evening, Jan. 31st. State Lecturer E. B. Dorsett of Mansfield will be present and make an address pertaining to grange work.

—It is said that butter dropped 10 cents per pound in price the first of this week in St. Louis, owing to the general boycott that is going on in many of the large cities against the high prices in food products.

—The Jollities in The Paymakers played to a small house at the Lyceum last evening. They all made a determined effort to amuse their audience and some of them succeeded while the others did the best they could.

—A poultry carnival was held on the outskirts of Bradford early yesterday morning. A goodly delegation from Smethport was in attendance, but we understand, the prizes they brought back with them were conspicuous by their absence.

—The Central Hotel is to be sold to F. S. Stickman, as soon as the transfer of license can be made. H. W. Rice, who has been the proprietor for several years, has greatly improved the property since his occupancy and it is now one of the finest hotels in this section. Possession will be taken as soon as the usual legal proceedings can be completed.—Eldred Eagle.

—Humane Officer Heard of Bradford made complaint against Oliver Irons of Keating township for keeping his cattle in an unsuitable stable and he was given ten day to put the stables in proper condition to avoid being prosecuted. Mr. Irons is past eighty years of age and has been ill for a long time which undoubtedly accounts for his carelessness in making the proper repairs on his barn and stables.

Thomas H. Brown, employed by the Ridgway Electric Light company as an electrician, is missing and a warrant charging him with bigamy is in the hands of a Ridgway officer. Brown and Miss Katherine Hennessey of Ridgway, were married in the St. James church Monday, January 3, and an account of the ceremony reached Punxsutawney, where it is said that Brown already had a wife. Her brother, Mr. Hass, came to Ridgway to investigate and Brown disappeared.—Bradford Era.

—One of the most valuable booklets that has ever come to our notice is being issued for free distribution by the Waverly Oil Works Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa. This booklet contains 100 pages, and in addition to telling all about oils of every kind, it has about 70 pages devoted to tables and matters of general information, much of which is entirely new. It is of considerable value to engineers and mechanics, and one of these booklets should be on the desk of every business man. A postal card request addressed to the Waverly Oil Works Co., at Pittsburgh, Pa., will bring one of these books promptly.

—Elmer S. Longstreth, a well-known rig builder of Bradford fell from a derrick near Rew City last Thursday and received injuries which resulted in his death. While working with H. Snyder in taking down a derrick for Polley Brothers, he slipped and losing his hold fell 84 feet to the ground, striking on his head and left shoulder. Longstreth was unconscious when Snyder reached him. Help was summoned and the injured man was carried two miles to the Park Hotel at Rew City. Dr. Wood of Rixford was summoned but the unfortunate man had expired before the physician reached him. He was about 40 years old and his wife died about three months ago. He had no known relatives in this section.

Horses for Sale.

5 good horses 10 to 11 hundred lbs., good age. Prices reasonable.

A. T. PALMER,
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Personal Mention.

George Howard of Crosby was a visitor in town last evening.

Attorney F. D. Gallup was in business visitor in Kane on Monday.

A. Anderson and A. G. McAllister of Colegrove were visitors in town last night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick returned home yesterday from a week's visit to Atlantic City.

Sherman P. Button was in town over Sunday and his many friends were pleased to see him.

Mrs. B. J. Cummins of Rochester, N. Y., was calling on her numerous friends in town Friday.

Mrs. J. A. Simpson of Salamanca who spent a week or so with Mrs. C. D. Comes, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Marshall Shooke and Bert Shooke left on Tuesday for a n extended trip to Minneapolis where they will visit Mrs. Shooke's daughter.

Alfred Hughes, who has been a resident of this place for a number of years left on Tuesday afternoon for Chester county where he expects to make his home with his aged sisters.

Pomona Program.

The McKean County Pomona Grange will meet with Liberty Grange Wednesday, February 2nd. The following program will be carried out as near as possible:

11:00 a. m.—Called to order.
Unfinished business.
Noon.
1:30 p. m.—New business.
3:00 p. m.—Literary program.
Song—Grange.
Address of Welcome—Liberty Master.
Response—A. T. Larson.
Address—The Soil, H. R. Hilton.
Recitation—Dorothy Decker.
Discussion—Which is the most important national legislation advocated by the Grange?
Direct Election of the United States Senators, O. W. Abbey.
Solo, Mrs. W. B. Beckwith.
Federal Aid for Public Highways, Bert Wandover.
Solo, Mrs. Gading.
Defeat of Central Bank, D. C. Young.
Song, Grange.
Paper, Farm Reading, Mrs. F. A. Gallup.
Recitation, Maud Rice.
Intense Farming, Frank Harmon.
Solo, Guy McCoy.
Paper, What the Grange has done for the Farm Woman, Mrs. Bartlett.
Solo, C. H. Holcomb.
Address, The Hon. L. F. VanOrsdale.
Song, Grange.
Evening Session.
7:00 p. m.—Degree work.
8:00 p. m.—Literary exercises by Liberty Grange.

Notice.

Messrs. Morrison and Hogarth having represented the Agency of the City Steam Laundry, of Bradford, Pa., for the past year, have sold out to Mr. E. O. Gaskin, prop. City Shaving Parlor. Customers who have been sending their laundry work to the City Steam Laundry of Bradford will receive the same courteous attention by Mr. Gaskin who will continue to call for your Bundle as usual. In order to give you the best work and delivery service, it is necessary to send your work with as much regularity as possible. That is to have one certain day to send it, and have your package ready when we call.

Yours respectably,
CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,
Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKIN,
Local Agent.

Lost—Between the Court House and F. H. Hungiville's liquor store, two heads and six tails from gray squirrel muff. Finder will please leave them at the store of Mrs. Carrie Clark.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Monheimer's Big Clothing SALE

IS NOW ON

BUY NOW

and save from $5.00 to $8.00 on an overcoat or suit. Your money's worth or your money back.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns 10c and 15c

Monarch Shirts $1.00 to $1.50.

FRY & COMES.

AUCTION CLEARANCE SALE

ONLY TWO DAYS LELT

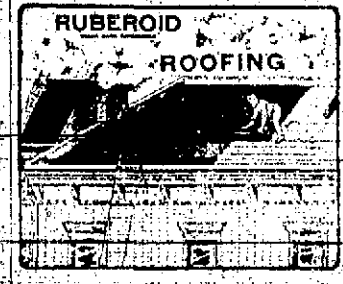
Our second annual Auction Clearance Sale will End on Saturday, January 29th.

FRIDAY—Mens Furnishings Day.
SATURDAY—Waists, Skirts, Furs.

Of course you'l have an opportunity to buy anything else you want at Auction at your own price on these last two days, they will however be devoted mainly to above lines—Hundreds have made a dollar do the work of two during this cale—There's still a chance for you—Come.

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Experience Produced Quality

The "Famous" Le Roy Plows were put on the market ten years ago by one of the strong, financial corporations, "Not in a Trust," built by mechanics with as well as much finer plow builders backed them. In avoiding all weak points of other makes of plows and with our Expert Workmen, we produced the Perfect Easy draft Le Roy Plows. So sure of success did we feel, some to begin "at draw," none that were "baby," placed them all the hard conditions you have to encounter.

Note the deep throat that will not choke up; Patent square Steel Jointer and Wheel Standards, they never get out of line and never break.

Le Roy Riding Sulky Plows are lighter and stronger and easier to draw and handle than any other. Every Le Roy implement is sold on a strong guarantee to do perfect work. To try them once is to buy them always. It will pay you to look them up.

LE ROY PLOW CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Active dealers sell them in all towns. If you cannot find LE ROY PLOWS, please write us.

SOLD BY

A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa.

1910 Art Calendar 1910 Free

Cut out this card and send it to us with two cents in stamps to cover cost of postage and we will send you our 1910 Art Calendar. All the months of the year are visible at one time on this calendar, and it is embellished by a reproduction of the famous painting "Motherhood".

This Bank pays 4% Compound Interest on Savings.

You can bank by mail as easily as in person. Booklet on request.

Capital and Surplus, 10 Millions.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of
HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

NEW FEED MILL

Having opened a new feed mill on EAST STREET we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs

Flour,
Feed,
Grain,
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THE GREEN DOOR.

A Bold Adventurer Finds a Romance In Solving a Mystery.

By O. HENRY.

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Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables. She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates the one word "parallelogram" and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment. You would sheepishly drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you

ON THE OTHER SIDE WERE WRITTEN THREE WORDS, "THE GREEN DOOR."

would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

In the big city the twin spirits, Romance and Adventure, are always abroad seeking worthy wooers. As we roam the streets they slyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedchamber in search of the unexpected and the egregious. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might be just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into strange paths. Twice he had spent the night in a station house. Again and again he had found himself the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters. His watch and money had been the price of one fluttering allurement. But with undiminished ardor he picked up every glove cast before him into the merry lists of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a cross-town street in the older central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks, the home hurrying and that restless contingent that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand candle power table d'hote.

The young adventurer was of pleasing presence and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store. He wore his tie drawn through a topaz ring instead of fastened with a stickpin, and once he had written to the editor of a magazine that "Junie's Love Test," by Miss Libbey, had been the book that had most influenced his life.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention (with a qualm) to a restaurant before which it was set, but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist's sign high above the next door. A giant negro fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers and a military cap discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store, but tonight the African slipped one into his hand so deftly that he retained it there, smiling a little at the successful feat.

When he had traveled a few yards farther he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other were written in ink three words, "The Green Door." And then Rudolf saw three steps in front of him a man throw down the card the negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate work" and "bridge work" and "crowns" and specious promises of "painless" operating.

The adventurous plano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the negro as he passed the second time he carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlors."

Rarely did the arch sprite adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner, his true follower. But twice it had been done, and the quest was on.

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. In spite of his gaudy and ridiculous garb the Ethiopian displayed a natural barbaric dignity as he stood, offering the cards suavely to some, allowing others to pass unmolested. Every half minute he chanted a harsh, unintelligible phrase akin to the jabber of car conductors and grand opera. And, not only did he withhold a card this time, but it seemed to Rudolf that he received from the shining and massive black countenance a look of cold, almost contemptuous, disdain.

The look stung the adventurer. He read in it a silent accusation that he had been found wanting. Whatever the mysterious written words on the cards might mean, the black had selected him twice from the throng for their recipient and now seemed to have condemned him as deficient in the wit and spirit to engage the enigma.

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dressmakers, musicians and doctors. Still higher up draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. At two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued and at the top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale lights of gas, one far to his right, the other nearer to his left. He looked toward the dearer light and saw within its wan halo a green door. For one moment he hesitated; then he seemed to see the contumelious sheer of the African juggler of birds, and then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those green panels? Gamesters at play, cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill, beauty in love with courage and thus planning to be sought by it, danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to that lumerarious rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there white faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still as if in a faint. Rudolf looked around the room excitedly for a barrel. People must be rolled upon a barrel who—no, no; that was for drowned persons. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby, and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits. The frank gray eyes, the little nose, turning pertly outward; the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was woefully thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Himmel!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant. On the table he laid them—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of redhot tea.

"This is ridiculous," said Rudolf blusteringly, "to go without eating. You must quit making election bets of this kind. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked, "Is there a cup for the tea?"

"On the shelf by the window," she answered. When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman's unerring instinct. He took it from her laughingly and poured the cup full of milk. "Drink that first," he ordered, "and then you shall have some tea and then a chicken wing. If you are very good you shall have a pickle tomorrow. And now, if you'll allow me to be your guest, we'll have supper."

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved animal. She seemed to regard the young man and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing—but as though she undervalued the conventions, but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human. But gradually with the return of strength and comfort came also a sense of the little conventions that belong, and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shopgirl's story of insufficient wages, further reduced by "fines" that go to swell the store's profits; of time lost through illness and then of lost positions, lost hope and—the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the Iliad or the crisis in "Junie's Love Test."

"To think of you going through all that!" he exclaimed.

"It was something fierce," said the girl solemnly.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"I am all alone in the world, too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl promptly, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his bereft condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped, and she sighed deeply.

"I am awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand, and she took it and said "Good night." But her eyes asked a question so eloquently, so frankly and pathetically that he answered it with words.

"Oh, I'm coming back tomorrow to see how you are getting along. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then at the door, as though the why of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked, "How did you come to knock at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said, "and he sent me to your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad, good natured grin the negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master's profession.

"Dar it is, boss," he said, pointing down the street. "But I 'spect you is a little late for de fust act."

Looking the way he pointed, Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theater the blazing electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"I'm informed dat it's a fust rate show, sah," said the negro. "De agent

AN ARRAY OF WARES FROM THE GROCERY AND THE RESTAURANT.

what represents it pussonted me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah's. May I offer you one of de doctah's cards, sah?"

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said stoutly to the lamppost on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of fate that doped out the way for me to find her."

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

SIRES AND SONS.

William O'Brien, the Irish political leader, is reported to have taken up his permanent abode in Jerusalem.

The Hon. Thomas Sammons, who has been appointed American consul general to Yokohama, began life as a telegraph operator.

A. W. Austin is the oldest street peddler in Chicago in years, but he is young in service. He is ninety-one years old, and he obtained a license at Chicago to peddle wooden cups.

Professor Brander Matthews has said something that is worth passing along to the rising generation—"The man who is in love with his job gets more contentment out of life than any other."

Emile Waldteufel, the waltz composer, was born at Strassburg Dec. 9, 1837, and served as a soldier in the war of 1870. He married Celestine Dufau and has two sons and a daughter. His residences are in Paris and the Villa Waldteufel, at Grandcamps-les-Bains, in Calvados.

Sir Francis Burrand, who is now seventy-three, has had a long and glorious career as a humorist, both in literature and on the stage. He was editor of Punch for forty-four years, taking the official desk when he was only twenty-six and retiring only three years ago. He has written more than a hundred plays, chiefly burlesques and light comedies, besides two comic operas. Sir Francis is also a barrister and a bachelor.

Things Theatrical.

Eva Davenport has been engaged for "The King of Cadonia."

A new comic opera by Julian Edwards and Walker Brown is called "Miss Molly May."

Maude Adams may repeat her performance of "Joan of Arc" in the spring at a western university.

Kitty Gordon, the English prima donna, is to continue with Sam Bernard in "The Girl and the Wizard."

W. Somerset Maugham, the Clyde Fitch of England, is to write a comedy for Irene Vanbrugh, in which that actress will appear both in England and in America.

Mme. Mlnal Aguglia, the Sicilian actress, is to play an engagement in Turin, then in Paris and will reappear in London. She is rapidly mastering English and will play in that language next season in this country under the management of Charles Frohman.

Sporting Notes.

Philadelphia A. A. C. is paying more attention to basketball.

Some automobile dealers are adding aeroplanes to their stock.

Reggie Walker, South African sprint champion, has refused permission to run in Australia.

Holmes, a Quebec runner, offers Longboat a handicap in a fifteen, twenty or twenty-six mile race, winner to take all.

Thomas Poulois of Atlanta, Ga., is in training for the discus throw and other events at the Olympic games to be held in Athens in May, 1910.

The world's championship Pittsburg baseball team's outfield, excepting Wagner, are expert sucker football players. Both Byrne and Abstein were on a strong St. Louis eleven, and Miller plays with teams in the vicinity of Kearny, N. J.

Tales of Cities.

About 90 per cent of the fire alarms of Chicago are transmitted by telephone.

Hundreds of the houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul are equipped with outdoor open bedrooms, where the owners sleep in the coldest weather.

The largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world is St. Louis. Its annual sales aggregate $45,000,000, which is equal to 18 per cent of the total tobacco output of the United States.

Under what is now the cornerstone of the Bank of New York in Wall street, New York city, is the foundation of the bastion in the wall of the stockade that marked the northern boundary of the city in its infancy.

Recent Inventions.

A machine has been invented to wrap with wire a telephone or telegraph pole to save it from gnawing horses.

A tack hammer the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

A Swede has constructed an aerial torpedo which is claimed to be capable of destroying a fortification or the biggest battleship afloat. It weighs twenty-two pounds.

A pulse counting watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in London. The watch indicates without mental calculation the number of beats of the pulse in a minute.

Facts From France.

The Paris Eiffel tower is 985 feet high.

One aeroplane factory of Paris employs fifty-two persons.

France has a larger proportion of its entire population employed in the service of the state than any other civilized nation.

The National Council of Frenchwomen, which has a membership of more than 73,000, has been circulating a monster petition in favor of woman suffrage.

Cutting Red Tape.

Many amusing stories are told of ways in which postoffice officials, inclined to keep too rigorously to the letter of their regulations, have been thwarted. On one occasion a man asked for 240 penny stamps and tendered payment in copper. The official declined to receive it, whereupon the man began buying and paying for one stamp at a time. Before he had got a dozen in that way the postoffice official had surrendered. It must have been the same man or a near relative who one Sunday went into a postoffice that was open for telegraph business only. He handed in a sixpenny telegram and asked to be supplied with two stamps besides. No, he could not have stamps; telegraph business only was transacted. Innocently he asked if he might have his telegram back for a moment to add something. He added four words to it and tendered the additional twopence. The form was returned to him with the stamps to affix. Crossing out the four additional words, he affixed the sixpenny stamp, pushed the telegram under the counter rail and walked out with his two stamps.—London Tatler.

Extreme Absentmindedness.

"The queerest case of absentmindedness that I have ever known of," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor.

"Well, Brown requested me to have him wakened at 3 o'clock so as to allow him to catch the 4 o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones' clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and, would you believe it?—here the speaker paused—when he found out that he was wearing some one else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."

"I don't see any absentmindedness about that," broke in one of the hearers.

"You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man."

Life at the Pole.

Life at the pole is a perpetual battle with nature, in which man is often worsted. "He was frozen to death" is the end of many biographies. While a man is in health they speak of him as "stronger than death," as if death were a watchful enemy always waiting for his chance. But life is on a large scale up there. Instead of the petty alternations of night and day they have the great cosmical succession, and, while on the one are waiting for the long night of winter, they look dark of winter they enjoy a keen delight in the prospect of a change such as we can never know. In the tamed arrangements of our climate the fear dark does not keep them wholly inactive. We read of expeditions interstellar and hunting on the ice by torchlight, but in the main their winter is given up to story telling, conversation and contemplation.

Bored No More.

"Yes," said the famous M. P., "I used to be pestered to death by a bore. My secretary was a good natured, obliging chap and he could never find it in his heart to turn the bore away. Just as sure as I was in the bore was certain to be admitted.

"One day, after an hour's martyrdom at the man's hands, I determined to end that persecution. So I called my secretary and said to him mysteriously:

"'Parton, do you know what makes Smith come here so regularly?'

"'No, sir,' said Parton, 'I can't say I do.'

"'Well, Parton,' said I, 'I don't mind telling you in confidence that he's after your job.'

"From that day," concluded the M. P., "I saw no more of the bore."—London Scraps.

Seventeen Year Locusts.

The seventeen year locusts are sometimes called Pharaoh's locusts because they make a sound that resembles the repeating over and over of that historic name. The notes or songs are not what might be termed vocal, as they are produced by the rapid vibrations of two very thin films that cover a small cavity at the base of the abdomen. In some localities the sound produced is somewhat different from that heard in other sections. Along streams, especially along the Ohio river, the notes are more bass, while on the highlands and especially in the mountain regions the sounds produced are more shrill.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Advantage.

A well known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a workingman, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years. "Oh," said the minister, "I can beat that. I have been a coupler for over twenty years." "Aye," replied the workman, "but I can uncouple, and you cannot!"

A Mortal Insult.

Mrs. Dimpleton—I want you to get another doctor right off. Dimpleton—What's the matter with this one? Mrs. Dimpleton—What do you suppose he said about baby? He told me I must treat him like a human being!

Brotherly Resentment.

Young Mother (proudly)—Everybody says the baby looks like me. Bachelor Brother (amazed)—The spiteful things don't say that to your face, do they?

Secrets.

"Don't complain of people tellin' you secrets," said Uncle Eben. "Dey couldn't do it if you hadn't stabbed it."—Washington Star.

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Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Judges of Election—H. S. Rubin.
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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work fulldegree degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.,
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 275, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
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Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. H. HOPPER, S.
L. K. HOLBROOK, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Lindsay, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—T. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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THE DIFFERENCE A LETTER MADE.

An Error In Spelling That Brought a Happy Thanksgiving.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"There's the importunate widow again."

It was a clerk in Mr. Farmer's grocery and provision store who said this to another clerk. The two laughed, exchanged winks and walked back among the barrels and boxes in the rear, leaving Mr. Farmer under fire.

The grocer stood by the scales. He had a long order before him that he was filling for Mrs. Willey, who lived in the stone mansion at the head of Pearl street.

It was Mr. Farmer's first order from Mrs. Willey, and he was filling it with

"I DIDN'T MAKE ANY SUCH AGREEMENT."

great care, giving good weight and putting up flawless goods carefully wrapped and tied.

The widow, a tall, pale woman with a timid step, moved forward to the counter and stood straight across from him. He lifted his eyes to her face and then went on weighing out four pounds of citron.

She waited.

He kept on weighing and measuring and doing up bundles and packing them in the new basket, giving no more attention to her than to the empty churn by which she was standing and to whose dasher she was holding.

"Mr. Farmer," the widow said at length, "I have come to see about my husband's bill for plants furnished to your wife."

"I haven't any wife, and I haven't any husband," said Mr. Farmer, with something like a grin.

The widow's voice trembled as she answered: "You know, Mr. Farmer, that the plants were sold and delivered, and because my husband is dead the more your honor should bind you to keep faith with his helpless ones. You know the plants were delivered by your wife's orders, with the agreement that they were to be paid for in groceries."

"I know I didn't make any such agreement," he said. "I wouldn't give a pound of salt for a dozen plants you could put into the store for my own use. If Mrs. [illegible] agreement [illegible] The groceries [illegible] house and taken a receipt for them."

"That's no reason why I should lose a just debt."

"Well, now, look here, Mrs. Wiley, I'm very busy," said the grocer sharply. "I cannot give any more time to you. If you can settle with Mrs. Farmer, do it—have it out with her—but I forbid you coming to this store again to bother me. I cannot and shall not listen to you."

Mrs. Wiley did not reply. With eyes cast down, but with bright spots glowing on her cheeks, she turned and went into the street. Then she pulled the veil over her face and walked along toward her home, crying.

Shortly after the plants in question had been delivered to Mrs. Farmer, Mr. Wiley had gone into the army, for it was the spring of 1861. He died the next fall at Fortress Monroe, leaving his family poor.

The mother cannot sit, face in hands, when the children are crying for bread. So the second day after she got news of her husband's death the widow began trudging about with a few small bills for collection. Pitiably few and small they were, Mrs. Farmer's being the largest. And now Mrs. Farmer had parted from her husband, and he refused to pay the bill.

"What am I to do about it?" This was Mrs. Wiley's question as she walked on with a feeling that all the world was moving away and leaving her behind.

She found herself near Cousin Hannah's. "I'll go in and ask her what I shall do," she decided.

She put her handkerchief under her veil, wiped away the tears and had her face reasonably tidied when she presented herself and submitted the question.

"Do?" said Cousin Hannah, with prompt sharpness. "I'd tell him he was a pretty Christian to cheat a dead soldier's widow."

"But that won't get me any money," the widow suggested.

"Then," said Cousin Hannah in another spasm of promptness, "I'd publish him!"

"That wouldn't make him pay the bill."

"But don't you see, my dear, it would ease your mind, and that is worth a great deal to one in your trying circumstances."

"But you don't know how I need money. There isn't anything due from my boarders, and they are hinting that mince pies would taste good, and it'll soon be Thanksgiving, and where are the turkeys and the cranberry jelly to come from?"

Mrs. Wiley gave a heavy sigh, and Cousin Hannah gave a heavier one.

"And when I opened for boarders," the widow continued, "I opened with a scant two pounds of coffee and not five pounds of sugar. I'm out of both, and I owe Mrs. Selvage a bowl of sugar. She has already sent twice for it. I owe you a quart of rice and a lump of butter and two tablespoonfuls of vanilla and a pint of raisins and half a cup of baking powder and three eggs."

"Excuse me, Eliza, but it's four eggs you borrowed," said Cousin Hannah.

"I don't remember but three," said the widow. "My pudding recipe calls for three, and it was a pudding I wanted them for."

"Whether it calls for three or 400, you borrowed four eggs from me," said Cousin Hannah. "But I'm not going to let one egg hatch out hard words and feelings between me and my own second cousin, especially when she looks so bewildered and lostlike as you look in a widow's cap and black bombazine."

"I do feel bewildered and lost," said Mrs. Wiley, getting to her feet.

She went out of the house, hardly hearing Cousin Hannah's exhortation to look on the bright side.

"There is no bright side," she said to her heart as she hurried along the street like one pursued, crying again under her veil.

She went around to the back door and into her kitchen, wiping the tears off her face. There right at the sill she stumbled against a large basket and would doubtless have fallen into it face forward but for the fact that it was filled and heaped with bundles.

Whose basket was it? What were all those packages—big packages, little packages, middle sized packages?

She stood wondering over them. She felt of some. She got down by the basket and smelt of others. There was a rap at the door. She started like a thief. She was conscious of coveting those packages, for she had found out that they were groceries. Opening the door, she faced a deliveryman.

"I've come for the basket," he said. "I didn't find anybody to home, so I just set the basket in till I was going back."

"But whose goods are these?" asked the widow.

"Ain't they yours? You're Mrs. Wiley, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the woman, "but I don't think they can be for me."

"Here's the name," said the man, referring her to a card tied to the basket handle.

She stood down and read on it her address, "Mrs. Wiley, Pearl street."

"Where are the goods from? Who sent them?"

"They're from Farmer's grocery store."

The woman's heart went up with a leap. It was hard not to cry for joy, not to laugh aloud, not to go down on her knees. She saw how it was—her importunity had conquered. Mr. Farmer had relented, had been brought to do justly.

"Oh, yes, I understand now," she said. "It's all right." At which assurance the man threw the basket over his shoulder and went out to his wagon.

Then straightway there was a little figure in black kneeling at the table, the head resting on a pound package of tea.

When the thanksgiving was ended Mrs. Wiley got to her feet and began eagerly opening the bundles. What an invoice there was! There were raisins, cranberries, citron, spices, tea, coffee and sugar, butter, starch and cheese, crackers and baking powder, dried beef and chocolate, almonds and eggs, cornstarch, vanilla, castile soap, a brace of ducks and a package of desiccated cocoanut, and the bill, $15.00.

When all the bundles had been investigated and were lying on the table and the grateful woman was standing crying over them—she shed a good many tears in those days—her boy Sid came stamping in and whistling—whistling as though that was the only thing in the world he could do. Boys will whistle and seem cheerful in spite of their mothers' debts and their own poor clothes, and, although Sid's clothes were worn and soiled, his face was as smiling as a measure of apples.

"Hurrah! What's all this?" he cried, bolting up to the table and taking a survey. "Where'd you get 'em, ma? Did you buy 'em on tick?"

"Oh, my dear boy, can you believe it that God has been so good as to send us all these things?"

"Why, of course I can when I see 'em here before my eyes," Sid made answer.

"And think how kind Mr. Farmer is! I feared he would never pay the bill your poor father had against Mrs. Farmer, but today he has sent me all these nice groceries. See what fine raisins, what large almonds!"

"No, no," said Sid, helping himself to the fine raisins and the large almonds, "I'm not going to be very grateful to Mr. M. L. Farmer because he pays an honest debt to a sold'r's widow. He hain't done anything but his duty and it isn't worth while to hooray for him. But we'll have some mince pies, won't we?"

"Yes," said the widow, "but first I must pay my debts. I've borrowed all over the neighborhood. Call Tommy and Press and Julie and Lucy and we'll all go to work."

Ah, then there was a busy time! Six people with quart measures, pint measures, bowls, pitchers, teacups and tumblers went hurrying up street and down and across and around corners till the last spoonful of "the borrowed" was returned.

Then the six went to work at the mincemeat. There were the chopping of the beef to a powder, the chopping of the crisp apples and of the sticky citron and the creamy suet, the stoning of raisins, the grating of lemon peel, the grinding and measuring of spices and all the other et ceteras. It was a tedious work, but the boarders and mince pies at dinner the next day while snugly packed in crocks was at least a gallon of savory mincemeat.

Before there was time for another strait in the widow's affairs board money began to come in. But never for one waking hour did she forget the great relief that was brought to her by that brand new basket. Deep down in her heart was a strong, glowing gratitude toward Mr. Farmer. And one day when she and Cousin Hannah were on the street she asked Hannah to go with her into his store that she might express her thanks to him. He was at the counter near the door when they entered.

"I have come to thank you, Mr. Farmer," she said directly, "for the basket of nice groceries you sent me. It was very kind of you, and I have brought you the bill for the plants received."

"Groceries I sent you!" he cried. "I never sent you any groceries."

He was aghast, and so was Mrs. Wiley.

"Well," Cousin Hannah snapped out, "if you didn't send her groceries you had ought to."

"There has been a mistake. Somebody has made a horrible blunder," and he turned and hurried back toward the stove as though he was going to kill himself or somebody else.

"He's in a fidget and perturbation," Cousin Hannah commented.

He spoke to a deliveryman who stood by the stove.

"Do let's go before he eats us," Cousin Hannah said, plucking at Mrs. Wiley's sleeve. Mr. Farmer was now coming back to them.

Mrs. Wiley refused to run away. "I want to know all about the mistake," she said.

"Those groceries were meant for Mrs. Willey, who lives at the head of Pearl street," he explained. "You ought to have known it. The delivery clerk made a mistake. He'll call for them. When will you be at home to deliver them?"

"My sakes," said Cousin Hannah, "how long do you s'pose things last in a boarding house at Thanksgiving time? How much of that basketful is there left, Cousin Wiley?"

"Only a little shaver," faintly answered the frightened woman.

"Send your delivery wagon around for it," said Cousin Hannah, getting hold of Mrs. Wiley's arm.

They went at the feastable and prisoner. At the door Cousin Hannah turned and said:

"I advise you to make much of Mrs. Wiley's receipt of the bill, for in heaven you're not credited with paying it. That widow's debt stands against you

"BUT WHOSE GOODS ARE THESE?"

up there and will keep on standing against you till you stop pouting about that mistake and are glad of it from the very bottom of your heart."

Then the widow added timidly:

"I'll stop at Mrs. Willey's and explain that her goods were delivered to the wrong house, and it may prevent the loss of her custom to you."

The grocer made no reply, but worked away at tidying up the counter. The coming of Christmas, let us hope found him a happier man. His wife had returned to him, and Mrs. Willey, at the head of Pearl, ordered her Christmas groceries from him. And Mrs. Willey, at a more humble part of Pearl street, also gave him an order for Christmas groceries, and to these last he added, with his compliments, some nice bunches of celery, which were the cause of Cousin Hannah's saying to him in an aside:

"I shouldn't wonder, Mr. Farmer—I shouldn't wonder at all if that old bill is now receipted in heaven."

THE VICIOUS PECCARY

A Fierce Creature Is the South American Wild Boar.

HE IS SMALL, BUT FEARLESS

Will Attack Man or Any Animal In Existence on the Slightest Provocation and Will Fight to the Death—A Battle With a Jaguar.

During one of his journeys into Mexico Edward W. Walton, a mining expert, had a close call from being sliced to shreds by the fierce little South American pigs known as peccaries. He told the story of his escape to a Denver Post reporter.

"I wished to secure some plumes from a number of the beautifully plumaged birds," said Mr. Walton. "I went into the jungle and came to a small opening in which there were dry leaves, probably a foot in depth, covering the ground, and hundreds of beautifully colored tropical birds in the air and in the trees. I fired at one of the birds in flight, when it seemed to me the whole area of these dead leaves arose in front of and all around me. Being a stranger, naturally I was much frightened, especially when I saw the animals which raised up the leaves apparently ready for an attack. The older animals opened and closed their mouths, showing their big, sharp tusks, formed much like a dirk knife, and some of them started toward me. Impulsively I commenced firing my gun in the air and turned around, which seemed to stop most of them momentarily, and as I had lots of cartridges I kept up the shooting, and they turned and ran away. I found afterward that I had saved my life by so doing and by not shooting any of the animals.

"These animals proved to be peccaries. They are most ferocious and will attack any animal in existence on the slightest provocation. When I got back to headquarters and told my companions my experience I was informed that had I shot one of the animals and made him squeal the whole bunch would have been on me and would have torn me to pieces quickly. They have been known to kill bears, jaguars, cattle, horses and any number of dogs. Although in the fight scores of their number might be killed, they seem to have no fear when once aroused.

"I was told the peccaries burrow under the dry leaves to protect themselves from mosquitoes and other winged pests of that hot country. My friends had many exciting experiences to tell in regard to these ferocious little animals. One of this party, while traveling with a companion in a wagon, stopped for lunch under some trees and turned their horses out to graze. While at lunch a large bunch of peccaries appeared, and they thought it would be nice to shoot among them and get one or two for meat, so they fired into them, wounding several, which commenced to squeal. Then the whole bunch made an attack. The men climbed quickly into the wagon and kept on shooting so long as the ammunition which they had in their pockets lasted. As they were opening their bags to get the more ammunition the peccaries ripped up the tongue of the wagon and jumped into it, and the men saved themselves only by jumping on to the seat and then on to limbs of the trees, the peccaries taking possession of the wagon and tearing things to pieces. They remained in possession for hours, the men watching them from safety in the trees."

The peccary, or South American wild boar, is the smallest of his species, averaging about three feet long; nor is the animal possessed of any unusual degree of strength. To make up for the natural individual deficiencies in combat with the more powerful animals of the jungle the peccaries always travel in large herds. When once attacked by a herd of peccaries the outcome is nearly always death to their enemy. The little pigs are armed with short sharp tusks, and no matter how great the slaughter of their own number during the melee the herd stay on the job until the work is finished.

Travelers in tropical and South American countries tell of fierce encounters between the peccaries and the jaguar, the monster cat which is lord of the forest. The jaguar has a fondness for a dinner of pork, but a wholesome respect for the power of a herd of wild pigs. When he wants to satisfy his cravings for a pork diet he drops from a limb of a tree on to the back of a straggler in the peccary herd. The jaguar slays his victim and then retreats hastily to his tree before the herd can get at him. When the herd grows tired of waiting for him to come down and moves along the jaguar descends and enjoys his meal at leisure. Frederick Selous in his romance of the animal world has an interesting account of a fight between a jaguar and a herd of peccaries. The peccaries had the jaguar treed on the limb of a tree from which the bark had rotted away. He was only a few feet above them and by harassing and jumping at their enemy finally succeeded in bringing the conflict to the ground. After the fight was over there were eleven killed and wounded peccaries, but the jaguar was literally torn to pieces.

Same Thing Now.

"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said.

"No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The most sublime act is to set an other before you.—William Blake.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

Its Influence on the Habits of the Hebrew Children.

The Hebrew Sabbath, including its complicated preparations, is rich and impressive material for a child's imagination. On Thursday evening the mother already prepares dough, goes to market, cleans the fish, etc., says the American Hebrew.

In the morning comes the baking of "chaloe" (bread). How bewitching for a child to watch the mother making different shapes of dough, smearing it with egg and decorating it with braids of different shapes and forms. A Jewish child gets the first lesson in modeling by making make believe "chules."

In the evening the mother prepares to meet the Sabbath. The child partakes in the household occupations and therefore gets habits of industry, order and regard for the rights and ideas of others and the fundamental habit of subordinating his activities to the general interest of the household.

This is especially true in regard to Jewish households where everything seems to be prescribed by law. Before darkness sets in on Friday the housewife lights in the dining room extra candles or a special lamp in honor of Sabbath and reads the blessing.

Quite often a child not yet able to talk will cover its face with its little palms, imitating the gestures of the devoted mother. The returning from the synagogue, the appreciative greeting "Good Sabbath," the Kiddush, the blessing over wine, the special menu and the holiday spirit of all who participate have undoubtedly a soothing, beneficent influence upon the child. After supper the time is spent in resting.

FIRST SHAPE OF EELS.

Strait of Messina Revealed Mystery of the Snakelike Fish.

In the strait of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild tide surges, and owing probably to irregularities at the bottom there are whirling eddies which have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls.

It was here that the larval form of a fresh water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish.

All kinds of theories had been given forth with regard to the propagation of the eel. Some naturalists declared they bred in fresh water, others that they visited the estuaries for spawning purposes, but thanks to the discovery off Messina and later captures of the eel in its larval form it is practically certain that after having eels drop down our rivers in autumn they lie there to exceedingly deep water in the sea and there deposit their eggs.

From the egg comes a little ribbon shaped creature, the larval form. In due course this changes into an eel of still smaller size, strange to say, and these small eels or elvers afterward ascend our rivers and there remain until they reach maturity, when they in their turn descend to the sea and history is repeated.—London Telegraph.

Horses In Literature.

In sacred writ it was decreed worthy of record that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, while the description of the war steed in Job is accounted one of the finest parts of that piece of literature. In Greek myth and English satire the qualities ascribed to Centaur and the Houyhnhnms testify sufficiently to the high regard in which the horse has ever been held. The name of Bucephalus is inseparably coupled with that of Alexander. At least one Roman emperor had divine honors paid to his charger. Who can picture Don Quixote sleeping on his armor without seeing the princely Rosinante tethered under the dewy night? And the stirring incidents of John Gilpin's ride conclusively proved that the racing blood of far removed equine ancestors was not entirely wanting in the degenerate descendant.

Got All He Asked For.

Another "meanest man" has been found. He lives in the city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a seedy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny."

The man after searching himself said: "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents in change, and I will give you the nickel."

The beggar requests that his name be not mentioned in connection with the item.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Doubtful Praise.

Stippler—Did Miss Kittie admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise, Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves In the Meadow."—New York Journal.

Music Lovers.

"How do you know those people are sincere lovers of music?"

"By the fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that they compelled their youngest boy to stop trying to learn to play the piano."—Washington Star.

Soup Marks.

Guest—You called "Minna," is that the blond, the dark one or the old woman? Waiter—How do you know our cooks? Guest—By the soup.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

THE DARK OF THE MOON.

A Result That Is Produced by the Light From the Earth.

Many people have wondered why the part of the moon that receives no sunlight is often visible to us, the term being the "old moon in the young moon's arms." The dark part is easily seen as a copper colored globe reposing in the bright crescent. This that we see is nothing more or less than the earth shine on the moon. We appear the same way to the moon when we are in that phase, and our dark part is where the moonshine appears and the bright part of the sunshine.

The reason the copper color appears is because light has to traverse the atmosphere of the earth three times—once on coming from the sun to the earth, once when reflected to the moon and again on being reflected back to us. Our atmosphere possesses the peculiar property of absorbing the blue rays of this white light and allowing only the red and orange to go through, thus causing the appearance of copper color by the triple absorption.

An odd thing connected with this phenomenon, though having nothing to do with it, is this: That part of the moon which appears dark to us is the same part of the earth that appears light to the moon at any specified time, and that part of the moon which appears bright to us corresponds to the portion of the earth appearing dark to the moon.

Of course it is well known that the moon gives out no light whatever itself, the moonshine being merely the light of the sun on the moon reflected to us. The same applies with the earth in its shine on the moon, save that we do give out glows, no doubt, around great cities at night, on account of the enormous number of lights. One thing, however, in which moonshine excels the earth shine is its constant character. Where the earth possesses varying clouds the old moon never has any at all.—St. Louis Republic.

A PUNJAB CIRCUS.

Program, In "Punch and Jab" English, as Good as the Show.

The sun never sets on the English language. This overdose of sunshine sometimes warps it out of shape. In the Malays it becomes "pigeon," in the south seas it is either "sandalwood" or "leche de fuer," and among the erudite along the water front at Yokohama it is "bunzai." Here is a sample of an brand sometimes called "punch and jab" English. It was captured alive by a Calcutta exchange editor armed with his scissors in the jungle of advertising literature that threw its shadow ahead of a native Punjab circus.

PROGRAMME.

Under patronage of Royal Duke of Knought, K. C. B., &c.

N. B.—This Circus is the very better, therefore he comes to see that.

The performance preparation will commence at 8 p. m. sharp.

PART I.

1. Some horse will make very good tricks.

2. The clown will come and talk with that horses, the more audience will laugh itself very much.

3. The lady will walk on horses back and horse is jumping very much also.

4. The clown will make a stone speed and ride will become to marry therefore clown will run all self away.

5. One boy will fall a nail from top side, then he can watch that nail before that nail can fall.

6. This is the very better jumping trunk.

Refreshments 20 minutes.

PART II.

1. One man will make go tricks of trapeze. Audience will think himself very much.

2. Dogs will jump and roll in the mud.

3. One lady will make himself so hend, then everybody he will think, that he is the rubber lady.

4. This is the very brand display.

5. This is the very better Gimnastics.

6. One man will walk on wire tight, he is doing very nicely because he is a professor of that.

Refreshments 10 minutes.

PART III.

Then will come the very good Dramatic.

NOTICE.

No sticks will be allowed in the spectator, and he shall not smoke also.

Charged for Entrance.

1st class ..... Rs. 2
2nd class ..... Ans. 1
3rd class ..... Annas 8

There is no any 4th class.

—New York Tribune.

Lost Temper.

"Lost temper does great harm," said a politician. "I once knew a man who held thirteen trumps at whist, and on account of his partner's temper he took only one trick with that ideal hand."

"Impossible!" sneered a reporter who conducted a weekly bridge column.

"Impossible? Not at all," was the politician's reply. "You see, as soon as this man trumped his partner's ace on the first play his partner in a rage jumped up and kicked him out of the room."

Accounting For Patrick Henry.

It is related that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase on stopping at the birthplace of Patrick Henry in Virginia exclaimed: "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder that Patrick Henry grew here!" Whereupon an honest native dryly remarked that the atmosphere, the view and the mountains had been there for ages, but that only one Patrick Henry had been produced.—Macon Telegraph.

Pretty Blunt.

Elderly Lady—Doctor, I am troubled with a hallucination that I am being followed by a man. What sort of cure would you suggest? Honest Physician—A mirror.—Cleveland Leader.

If we cannot live so as to be happy we can at least live so as to deserve it.—Fitche.

A CHANGE OF HEADS.

The Trick a Dusky Ruler Wanted a Magician to Perform.

Thurston, the magician, had many interesting experiences during his professional tour of the globe several years ago. He went to all sorts of outlandish places and appeared before rulers of many strange lands and communities. On one occasion his manager had arranged that Thurston should give an exhibition before the ruler of a province called Pagopago, in the Fiji Islands. In the crowd that saw the exhibition were many of the black and yellow slaves of the chieftain. All the spectators were amazed at the many strange manifestations of the black art that Thurston offered, but no trick appealed so strongly to the assembled retinue and to the chieftain as that in which a white duck was made to appear with a black head and a black duck, after a moment's manipulation, with the head of the white duck. The trick had to be repeated, and then the chieftain engaged in a long whispered conversation with the interpreter.

"What is desired?" queried the obliging trick player.

The interpreter coughed apologetically and then responded: "Respected sir, our honored sire wishes you to take two of his slaves and put a yellow head on a black man and the black head on the body of a yellow servitor. Our honored sire thinks it would be very funny."

"Tell his royal highness," Thurston replied, "that I could give a yellow man a black eye, but I would not like to attempt to make his entire head black."—Philadelphia Record.

MONEY IN JUNK.

The Stuff Is Always in Demand, and the Profits Are Large.

Up and down the dirty back alleys drives the junkman, singing his mournful, nasal cry, loading his rickety wagon with broken scraps and pieces of old iron, an object of pity or of ridicule to most of the uninformed public.

Let him be admired or envied, rather, for if not he himself, at least his employer, is probably making more money than nine out of ten professional men. Few things are more depressing and unsightly than a little pile of junk as high as a two story building. One may see such piles in every city, and, so far as the casual observer can determine, none of the stuff is ever moved. The piles increase apparently from month to month and grow rustier and rustier, but the men in the business keep on buying.

How are they able to keep so much money tied up? Where do they get the large amount of capital which seems to be necessary?

They borrow from the banks, like any other business man, on the security of their stock in trade.

"No better security," the president of almost any bank will declare. "It can neither burn nor blow away. It can't be damaged by water or smoke. Where is there a collateral like that? It is absolutely safe. The foundries and the nut and bolt works and the stove factories can't get along without it. It pays the largest profits of any business to which we lend money, and these profits fluctuate very little. Junk is always in demand. The men in that business are excellent customers."—Technical World Magazine.

Almost Insulted.

Amid the lace bargains in one of the large department stores the other day a shopper engrossed in thought set her little Japanese spaniel on the counter. One of the saleagirls, not seeing the little dog, threw a remnant of reduced lace over him and entirely submerged him. When the woman went to look for her pet he was not to be found, but several shrill yelps, accompanied by an upheaval of the lace, betrayed his presence. He was quickly rescued from his predicament, and the woman, showering kisses upon his moist, upturned nose, said, "Did they cover mamma's precious with cheap fifty cent lace?"

The saleagirl, who evidently had cultivated diplomacy, assured the dog's mistress that the lace had been reduced from $1 to 50 cents, and the woman took her pet away mollified.—Philadelphia Record

Fooled Them.

Every instructor at Chautauqua is required to fill out a paper answering a number of necessary and unnecessary questions. One year there was a remarkably handsome male member of the faculty in whom all the girl students were much interested. "Is he married or unmarried?" became an all absorbing question. Finally some of them had the courage to approach the college secretary and ask if the files might be looked over. And there the handsome professor, anticipating perhaps some such investigation, had recorded his matrimonial pretensions as follows: "Married or single? Yes."

Sweet Revenge.

"It must be fine to be under contract to write exclusively for a big magazine."

"And to have all the other magazines clamoring for your work, eh?"

"Just so. Think of the satisfaction of sending 'em a printed refusal slip."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Hitched.

"That wealthy young broker has given his motor to a well known actress."

"Yes. He says his father taught him to hitch his wagon to a star."—Life.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.

Advertise in The Miner.

ODD ELECTION SIGNS.

The Signs Are in Washington, the Elections Elsewhere.

"Of course we don't have any elections of our own," said a man from Washington, "but we have election intimations, if I may call them that, which can't be duplicated anywhere else in the country.

"You see, when we Washingtonians want to vote we've got to do it somewhere else, and as most of us have a lingering fondness for the franchise we are pretty likely to hang on to a residence somewhere outside the District.

"We especially like to do it because it makes us feel as if we had some sort of weapon to flourish before the observing eyes of the politicians who may have something to say about our hold on our jobs, and when the time comes to go home to vote we visibly swell with importance.

"Naturally a national election is the one that catches us all at once, and it is then that the intimations I spoke of do most abound. The papers are full of advertisements of loans for election expenses. Department clerks can be accommodated with sums covering their railway fare, new clothes for the trip and a substantial margin over and above necessary items. The interest is a bit high, but a clerk who is pining to go back home to splurge a bit is willing to mortgage his resources for the pleasure.

"These offers of loans fill columns of the daily papers. Alongside of them are other advertisements, all turning on the one theme, the election. 'Buy yourself a new suit to go home and vote in!' The grammar is a bit off, but the prices are asserted to be all right.

"In the shop windows there are dozens of election placards: 'Just the hat to wear when you go home to vote.' 'Specials in suit cases for the election.' 'Take a souvenir satpin to your best girl when you go home to vote.' 'Swell suit for the election, only $1 a week,' and in a shoe store window, 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—home to vote; wear —— slices and you won't get sore feet!'

"The railways offer special rates to voters, and so it goes. You won't find anything like it in any other town."—New York Sun.

Parental Severity.

The children of two centuries ago fell on steep times, if one may believe that the spirit of family life was accurately expressed by an excellent mother of that day who said, without humorous intent, that her children "loved her as sinners dread death." There is little doubt that parental control at that date was as rigorous as this anecdote indicates. It is said that when little Andrew Elliot, afterward lieutenant governor of New York, objected to boiled mutton his father, Sir Gilbert Elliot, frowned.

"Let Mr. Andrew have boiled mutton for breakfast," commanded the stern parent, "cold mutton for dinner and cold mutton for supper till he has learned to like it."—Youth's Companion.

A Matter of Hours.

Bangs—What is the difference between a woman's whist club and a man's poker club? Wangs—Why, in one you get home to dinner and in the other to breakfast.—Newark Star.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

EQUIPPED FARMS TO LET.

I have several fine fertile farms under good cultivation, with excellent farm houses, commodious barns and farm creameries, one or more of which may be let March 1st, and possession given about April 1st. Very favorable terms on shares or for money rent, if preferred, will be given to capable, temperate, honest and industrious farmers. Early application is requested.

Italy Dairy farm on highway between Kushaqua and Mt. Jewett, with 20 acres adjacent under cultivation, together with 30 acres of excellent arable land from Broad Acres Farm, is a sample. Possession given March 1, 1910. Apply to

ELISHA K. KANE,
Kushequa, Pa.

Public Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, dated December 16, 1909, the undersigned will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House, in Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1910, AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M., the following real estate of John O. Perry:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the Township of Sergeant, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

1st Piece: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of subdivision No. 101 in east line of Hamlin Township, and being a corner of Perry lot; thence by said township line and west line of sub-division No. 102, north 111.5 rods to stone corner; thence east 168 rods to a post; thence south 111.5 rods to northwest corner of Bloomster farm in north line of sub-division No. 101; thence by said line west 168 rods to the place of beginning, containing 75 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of sub-division No. 103 in J. Colegrove's survey.

2nd Piece: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of a lot of 147.5 acres of said Perry's; thence west on south line 71.5 rods to post; thence north 156.5 rods to post in north line of same; thence east on said line 71.5 rods to post, being northwest corner of S. Bloomster's farm; thence south on said west line 156.5 rods to place of beginning, containing 70 acres, more or less.

Excepting therefrom all the natural gas and 5-6 of all the oil with the right to enter to drill, etc., for oil and gas; with the right of free gas sufficient for one house on each piece, and subject to a lease made by John O. Perry to M. C. Oakley for one half acre dated April 27, 1901, at a rental of $12 per year, the rent being paid to April 27, 1910.

The last piece is improved and having thereon a good frame barn, and two orchards of apple and pear trees, and the first piece is stripped land.

Terms of Sale: One half cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, and the balance in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
Committee in Lunacy of John O. Perry.
JOHN N. APPLE,
Attorney.
January 12, 1910.

Breakfast Ready in Ten Minutes

You can save a surprising amount of bother and trouble tomorrow by serving Beardsley's Shredded Codfish for breakfast.

You can have this delicious fish food ready for the table in less time that it takes to make coffee.

It is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

No bones to pick out—no washing—no soaking—no boiling. We have done all that for you.

And please don't think that there's any "fish-odor" in cooking. Instead, there's a tempting, savory smell—a smell that will make you hungry.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

Sweet-Flavored Fish

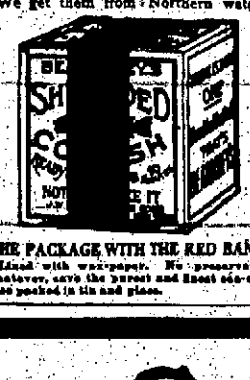
Beardsley's Shredded Codfish doesn't taste at all like the old-fashioned dried codfish.

And it's wrong to judge it by any other kind that comes in packages.

There's no other fish food in existence half so delightful in flavor.

For we use only the choicest fish—the fattest and plumpest—the finest that come out of the deep.

We get them from Northern waters.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Fish caught elsewhere don't compare with the cod we use.

Then we take only the choicest part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicately flavored meat. So there's no strong taste whatever.

Tempting Ways To Serve It

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish means pleasing variety in meals.

There are so many appetising ways to prepare it your family will never tire of it. Most people want it at least once a week, either for luncheon or breakfast.

Each package makes a full meal. And the cost is only 10 cents.

So order a package today. And please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented. Beardsley's is the kind all people like.

Free Book of Recipes

Your grocer will give you a free book of new recipes you'll want to try. Or write us—we'll send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented. Beardsley's is the kind all people like.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
32-34 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Incorporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 7th day of February, 1910, by M. F. Quinn, P. C. Olds, F. S. Sherman and John Troy under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of the intended corporation to be called Norwich Chemical Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

HASTINGS & LARKIN,
Solicitors.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of B. F. Wright, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1910.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work.
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Sahler's
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. H. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW;
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. H. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, near the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.,
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bontingnon,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and res dence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
Patton Block, OVER 25 YEARS
OFFICE ANDERSON & CARLSON Block. EXPERIENCE.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist.
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. I. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

FUR SALE
AT
20% to 50% REDUCTION

There is a reason for everything. There is a reason for this sale—a real reason—viz: Our desire to make as much of a clearing as possible each season before Inventory of that season's stock. This is not a new idea, but a new one to the Fur Business. Some Furriers are satisfied to carry over one season's stock to the next season. We cannot conform with this old-fashion idea—it is not the modern way of doing business. We cannot carry over one season's stock to the next—the insurance and storage are too expensive, and we require the room for our new stock, which we manufacture during summer months. We have had an immense trade this season—much better and larger than has ever been known in Buffalo, and we are now satisfied to clear out our entire remaining stock regardless of cost.

The next fortnight will be the opportunity of a lifetime, and we ask you to shop early.

We would like our out-of-town customers to share in this great money-saving opportunity; however, we cannot refund fares on the prices that will prevail.

We Make EVERYTHING We Sell

ALFRED L. PEZOLD
Ground Floor, Second Floor
FURRIER
508-510 Main St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

We Guarantee EVERYTHING We Make

Kodol
For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.